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NATURE'S OWN BOOK:

OR PRACTICAL RESULTS OF A

VEGETABLE DIET,

ILLUSTRATED BY

FACTS AND EXPERIMENTS OF MANY YEARS' PRACTICE.

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PREFACE.

THE following pages are written with a sincere desire that they may be read, and be read with that attention that the subject (not the style) demands. They are written with a view to direct some dispirited dyspeptic to nature's fount, where he can be healed; some toil-worn student, grown pale by the midnight lamp, how he can find rest to his body and wings to his mind; some tattered and torn inebriate, how he can rise out of the mire, put on a new coat, and slake his thirst for ever from the love of the burning lava that has scathed his vitals and frenzied his brain. They are written to admonish some tea-sipping maiden of the wrinkles and hollow eye she is prematurely inviting; some snuff-taking, tobacco-eating devotee of the fallow skin, the nasal voice, the besmeared teeth, and offensive breath, which are the undeviating companions of the filthy weed; and some care-worn mother how she may keep out the druggist's shop from her closet, and prevent night watchings over her too highly fed children, and eat her bread with a cheerful heart with the happy ones she loves, knowing that while she follows nature she follows God, and while she follows God she is safe. *Will you read it?*

This work makes no pretences to science. It gives no details of Anatomy, Surgery, or Medicine. Neither is it a *haphazard* budget of odds and ends, flung together to be hung up in a dark closet for the hurried housekeeper in some exigency to find a string or bit of edging to eke out an inefficient cuff or collar. It is a work of *fourteen* years' practice, carrying out principles, and making the experiments here introduced. It is a work *not to be proven*, but a work that *has been proven*.

Eleven years of the fourteen were spent in researches after truth, by practically testing the efficacy of a vegetable and fruit diet on about six thousand persons from every civilized country on earth.

The nature and effects of flesh eating have the Bible; the natural laws; the test of all vegetable eaters of every clime; the testimony of some able physicians, and a host of disciples converted from flesh eating by the lectures of Sylvester Graham, and residents in the house before named. The remarks on tea and coffee have been proven by actual experiment on living bodies. Those on spices, butter, and fat from ocular demonstration by Dr. Beaumont of New York, who had a person with him, whose stomach had been perforated by a ball, the ball extracted, and the wound never healed, giving an opportunity for the Dr., with the help of a glass tube, to see the process of digestion, which he carefully watched for years, on all kinds of food and drink, in almost every clime.

The recipés, simple and unobtrusive as they may be, are the result of much persevering labour to bring them to their present perfection, without the aid of a deleterious substance, either butter, eggs, or deadening spices.

The tobacco speaks for itself, always proving its own vileness; and the reader is left to snuff, chew, or smoke, as best suits his palate and his conscience.

May an enlightened understanding, a subdued appetite, a never-tiring perseverance in nature's path, and a right to the tree of life within the walls of the New Jerusalem, be the happy portion of the reader; this is the ardent desire of the writer and stranger.

NATURE'S OWN BOOK.

THE voice of nature is the voice of God; and though for nearly six thousand years she has constantly been whispering, This is the way, walk ye in it, yet "who has believed her report?"

She has been hunted from city to hamlet, and from river to the end of the earth, till, like some coy maiden, she has withdrawn from the crowd, and you only hear her soft voice when some weary worn traveller passes her bower, tired of the vexations of the way: "Come with me, and I will do you good; come sit down at my banquet, I will give you the pure water of the fountain of health, I will feed you with the nectarine fruit of the garden of God, and you shall eat of the 'bread that strengthens man's heart;' I will cure your diseases, I will renew your strength like the eagle's, I will bar every gate, and like a faithful sentinel sit down at the entry, and keep out every intruder."

It was in the garden of Eden that God first said, "The herb bearing seed, and the tree bearing fruit, this shall be your meat." It was *there* every thing was *right*, every thing was for the *best* good of man. The whole creation, buoyant with young life, were rejoicing together; no curse of thorn or thistle; no slaying of oxen or killing of sheep; but the lion and the lamb were crouching at the foot of man, or enjoying their pastime by river and fountain in company.

Can we suppose in this heaven of delights Adam ever thought as he saw the calf or lamb skipping about him, "I will slay and eat him, I will broil his flesh and drink his blood, and he shall make part of my bone and flesh?" Can we suppose that the delicate hands of Eve took the quivering flesh of the young fawn, and prepared it for the coals or chaldron, and then sat down and chewed it as a sweet morsel between her teeth? Can we suppose she talked of nausea, of headaches, of a palpitating heart, or agitated nerves? and why not? She had the same number of bones, the same joints and hinges, the same living tissue, the same life-blood running through vein and artery, the same spinal marrow, the same lungs to inflate, the same heart to receive the blood and throw it off, and the same brain, capable of being excited by the same exciting things.

None will dispute that the mechanism of bone and sinew are fashioned after the same model; consequently, the same things must affect *us* as affected *her*. We have nothing to do but come down to her habits, and we should find ourselves *fac similes* of the same pattern.

There is a fatal and sad mistake into which poor purblind man has fallen; he shelters himself behind the flimsy cover, that because men in all ages have gone wrong, that *habit* has become a kind of accommodating law, and this law has somehow or other changed the constitution of men and things, so that if we *would* do right we cannot, because our *constitutions* are changed, and we must follow the beaten track, let it terminate in pleasure or pain; and though the farther we pursue the more rugged the road, yet to go back seems utterly impossible, the distance is so great; and besides, our fathers have lived and died in this way, and were content, and why should we trouble and agitate ourselves about what nobody understands!

But behind all this specious covering there stands an imperishable law—a law written by the finger of the Almighty on every fibre of the man, interwoven through bone, marrow, and sinew, saying, “Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further;” this do and live, transgress and you die.

The ox, the horse, and the elephant were originally made to eat grass, and for nearly six thousand years they have fed and fattened on it, and should six thousand years roll on again, grass would be the natural food of these animals. Sixteen hundred years man lived on a vegetable diet, and what was his age? Eight and nine hundred years, till his wickedness was so great that God determined to sweep him from the earth, and shorten the days of posterity. “Yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty,” and God never said they should be shorter. David says in the ninetieth Psalm, “The days of our years are threescore and ten;” but man had brought them to this by his lusts and excesses, and David was looking about and lamenting it as a calamity; but God had not said it must be so.

When Noah came out of the ark, meat was given. “Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things.” But it is impossible to search the Scriptures, and read all that is said on flesh eating, without the inference striking us, that it was allowed as bills of divorcement were, because of the hardness of their hearts, and to shorten man’s days: in plain English, it was given as a curse.

Who can read the graphic description of the quails after which the children of Israel lusted, and suppose they were given as a blessing? And while the flesh was yet in their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people, and the Lord smote the people with a very great plague;

and David said, alluding to this, "He granted them their request, but sent leanness into their souls."

Now if flesh be the most suitable food for man, why did the Lord feed his chosen people on manna, when quails might as well have been sent? Did he wish to make them feeble and unfit for the hardships of the wilderness? Or did he compel them against their own lusts, (after once shewing them their absurdity) to follow nature's laws, that they might be the better fitted to drive out the enemy, and meet the varied exigencies in reserve for them.

In most places in Holy Writ where flesh eating is named, it is connected with lust, or something that God abhors. Isaiah, xxii., "When the Lord God called to mourning and weeping, behold joy and gladness, slaying oxen and killing sheep, eating flesh and drinking wine;" and what follows: "Surely this iniquity shall not be purged from you till ye die, saith the Lord of Hosts."—Jeremiah, v. 7. "When I had fed them to the full, they then committed adultery, and assembled by troops in the harlots houses," etc.—Proverbs, xxiii. "Be not among riotous eaters of flesh."—Isaiah, lxv. "Who lodge among the monuments, who eat swine's flesh, and the broth of abominable things is found in their vessels."—Read Acts xv. 20. The apostle here, in writing to the Gentiles that are turned to God, has nothing so important to say as that they abstain from pollutions of idols, and from fornication, and from things strangled, and from blood; and this is repeated in a following chapter. It certainly seems clear that *these*, in the apostle's estimation, were the prominent sins of the Gentile church, and that they were intimately connected.

Now how little flesh is eaten without blood; and how are most of our fowls killed? Surely by strangling; and when

we turn back to the time that flesh eating was allowed to man, blood was forbidden. Genesis, ix. "But flesh with the blood thereof ye shall not eat."—Leviticus, iii. 17. "It shall be a perpetual statute throughout all your generations, that ye eat neither fat nor blood." Lev. vii. 26. "Moreover, ye shall eat no manner of blood, whether it be fowl or beast, in any of your dwellings." Read Leviticus xvii. from the 10th to the 15th verse; Deuteronomy, xii. 16, 23—26; xv. 23; 1 Samuel, xiv. 32—34; Ezekiel, xxxiii. 25, 26. The Word of God is so pointed on this subject, that no honest inquirer need mistake; and that his mouth may be stopped against saying, This is an obsolete Jewish rite, let him see that the apostle has *forcibly* enjoined it.

God has not put these prohibitions *here*, without some reasons that are rational and conclusive. They must have some physical or moral tendency which *we*, as rational creatures and as Christians, have a right to investigate. He has told us *emphatically* that "the blood is the life thereof," and there seems to be a kind of sacrilege in taking the *life* of any creature, and in incorporating it with ours. So binding was this command, that the blood of the beast is required which violated it. What is blood? It is that indescribable something called *LIFE*, which we *feel*,—to which we *cling*, and *love* to the last: it is that which gives health and cheerfulness, sickness or despondency, as its condition may chance to be; for the state of the blood is the state of the man. If it be right, the machinery moves on harmoniously: the busy and sentient being drinks at the fountain of health, invigorated he knows not how, enjoying alike the sun and the storm. But if this fountain become polluted, the lifeless skin, sunken eye, and still more sunken spirit, tell you the *entire* man is wrong, and in vain you increase his fire

and his garments; the surface alone feels a momentary renovation, and though he may go away and say, "Aha, I am warm," yet soon he finds it was but a flattering unction, which leaves him more the sport of every wanton breeze that fans him.

Further, this blood does *more*. When it is taken into the system of any beast, it imparts a ferocity which often becomes dangerous: it drives him into fury, and the bloodhound, lion, and tiger, will make the stoutest warrior tremble.

A black man in New York, a butcher by trade, was in the habit of drawing from the bullock he was about to kill a tumbler of blood, and drinking it warm with life, asserting, I am now ready to cut and slay all within my reach without favour or mercy; and a young man who heard him make this assertion, went into the slaughter-yard where this blood-drinking butcher was at work, and said, May I never see the like again. *It was awfully terrific!* It was scarcely morning,—the butcher was there,—the bullocks and calves, sheep and lambs, were waiting, some in mute suffering, corded, and stretched upon the ground, others bleating, as if imploring mercy,—when a fattened bullock was struck, the tumbler filled with the smoking blood, and swallowed with a satisfied relish. In a few moments the eyes became inflamed, and with a demoniac delight he soon sent streams of blood through the yard; his white teeth contrasted with his thick lips and black skin, his reddened eyes, his bloody knife grasped with infuriated tenacity, and the suffering of the poor animals, made a sight to my eyes that, added the young man, I fled from the scene of carnage, shocked and humbled that I had ever contributed to such deeds of cruelty by eating the flesh of animals, and still more disgusted that I had ever tasted *blood*. The negro declared that the *blood* enabled him to do the work in half the time; as soon as it began to work

upon the brain his desire for cutting and slaying became insatiable. *O cruel, cruel man!*

"Deaf to the harmless kid, which stretched beneath the knife,
Looks up, and begs the murderer for its life.
Deaf to the helpless lamb, which e'er it dies,
Each winning art to gain his mercy tries,
And imitates in vain his children's cries."

O, when will this bloody world be saved from its murderous lusts? When will man walk erect in the image of his Maker, his hands clean from blood, and his heart free from cruelty? Look at butchers, and look at butchers' sons; where are those fine feelings of compassion which are the only vestiges left in poor fallen man to distinguish him from the serpent who ruined the race? Do not most of our courts of justice acknowledge this, when they will not allow a butcher to be on a jury, where life and death are concerned? And many a pampered, flesh eating child has become a prey to passions which might never have been awakened, had they not been urged on by this unnatural brutal stimulus.

Many doubtless have read the story related by one of our missionaries in or near New Zealand. The Queen of the island was sick, and when asked by her kind attendants if she could eat anything, in the simplicity of her heart answered, "I think I could suck the tender bones of a white baby's fingers!" Mothers, hear this! She had been in the habit of tasting this delicious morsel, till its relish to her was like a sweet young chicken's leg to the more *refined* cannibal in a Christian land. Four years ago, there died in the Sailors' Hospital on Staten Island, near New York, a cannibal of enormous size and disgusting ferocity of appearance, who was captured by a sea-captain in one of the South Sea islands. He was put in chains; sickened on the voyage; and before his death he said that

he died for the want of *human flesh*, and nothing else could satisfy his longing! Reader, do not be squeamish; this is but the *natural* result of flesh eating. It is in exact accordance with every physiological law in our nature. If we eat *flesh* of man or beast, we shall soon long for *flesh*; if we drink *blood*, we shall soon thirst for *blood*. No one can walk on "burning coals, and his feet not be burned. Let the tender-hearted mother, who would weep at seeing a thistle extracted from the finger of her darling, let her wring the necks of a few chickens, and soon she would be quite unmoved at seeing the torture of a lobster in hot water, or upon a gridiron; yes, and *perhaps enjoy it too!*

Does the reader again ask, If flesh eating has this effect on the dispositions of men, why did God allow it, as he *would* not, he *could* not, in accordance with his benevolence, allow us to injure ourselves, much more give us that which he knew would do it. But did he not send his Son to die, and did he not intend that this awful death should be planned and completed by the powers of darkness, who should use a Pilate, a band of soldiers, and a Judas, to accomplish the deed; but what Christian would not shrink from being *that* Pilate, *that* Judas, or *one* of those soldiers. What Christian would assert that they were innocent, and could expect to hear the Father say, Well done, good and faithful servant? They acted as they listed, and decocted their own bitter draught; and so does every flesh eater who lusts for muscle and blood.

Notwithstanding that God often grants us our unreasonable requests, yet in mercy he often tempers these answers to our lusts, that while they send "leanness into our souls," they shall not destroy us at once. This is plainly manifest in Leviticus, xi. where the kind of beasts and birds are designated that we

may and *may not* eat. Those that are forbidden, all physiologists agree are the most prejudicial to health, and cannot be eaten with impunity. We should do well to consider that though God *warns* us, he does not often *deter* us. He has told us to do no murder; yet not a day passes without this command being violated, and God does not hinder it; and while we so piously talk of obeying him in eating flesh, we shall do well to see if we are not placing *first* and *foremost* upon our tables those unclean things which he has forbidden. What creature however loathsome has not found a sepulchre in the stomach of man?—the creeping snail and forbidding lobster, the snaky eel and wallowing swine, have all made their way through the teeth and throats of kings and beggars. Man seems to have a *peculiar* relish for the rooting swine, which by instinct will eat every thing however unclean, and the work of which is that of a scavenger continually. Yet he has so recommended himself to our palate, that not a part of either outside or lining but has entered into the composition of our bone and flesh.

And while our consciences are yet tender, let us look to it that we eat no blood nor fat, for he that breaks the least of these commandments, is guilty of all.

We have no right to suppose that God's knowledge of the fitness of things—his abhorrence of all that is sinful or improper—has ever changed. It is the same as when he said, "who eat swine's flesh, and the broth of abominable things is found in their vessels." Let us be consistent; and while we resort to Peter's net for a refuge in the new dispensation, turn also to Paul, to "things strangled, and to blood," remembering at the same time that Peter's vision was not to show him what to *eat*, but to show he must *preach* even to the polluted Gentiles, who were in the habit of eating all these unclean things; for Peter hungry as he was, did not eat.

Much noise is made by the ignorant about the nourishment of meat, and that labouring men cannot be sustained healthily without it; but such should know that while peas and beans contain about 92 per cent. of nutriment; rice nearly the same; and wheat 80; flesh of all animals, on an average, contains but 35 per cent., and the best of beef from 45 to 47. How, then, has all this mistake arisen? For this plain reason, flesh hurries on pulsation, produces an unnatural stimulus, forces the blood to the brain, and while all this is in action, if the pressure to the head be not *too* violent, the forced vigour is taken for nourishment; but let the full-fed flesh eater watch his stomach at the return of another meal, and see if there is not a prostration in proportion to the excitement, and an insatiable clamour, which the vegetable eater never feels. Flesh eating produces more apoplexy among sedentary men than *alcohol*, and probably more than all other causes put together. Dr. Beaumont asserts that chyle made of flesh, when put into a vial in the open air, exposed to the heat of summer, will putrify nine days sooner than chyle made from vegetables in the same situation.

The question should be settled by every Christian, that if flesh eating predisposes to disease, if it hurries on pulsation, if it causes irritableness and ferocity, unnatural thirst and unnatural stimulus, if it often prevent us from presenting our bodies a living sacrifice; if our stomachs are not as pure, our breaths more foetid, and our nerves not as steady, nor our heads as clear; and finally, if our bodies, which are temples for the residence of the Holy Ghost, are more defiled, then we may rest assured that God will not be displeased with us for going back to first principles, and obeying the first injunction, "The herb bearing seed, and the tree bearing fruit, this shall be your meat," knowing that from the beginning it was not so, but for the hardness of our heart God suffered it so to be.

It is often said, Abraham killed the fatted calf, and Abraham was a favourite of God. Abraham, too, had a son by Hagar; but who will say that this was approved of by God? who will say that concubinage was ever in the nature of things sanctioned as a law by God?

The rebellious children of Israel asked a king, and God was displeased, telling Samuel, "They have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me.—Hearken unto their voice, but protest solemnly to them, and show them the manner of the king that shall reign over them." When Samuel obeyed, and told them "He will take your sons, and appoint them for himself, for his chariots, and to be his horsemen, and will take your daughters to be his cooks, and to be bakers," etc., did the people listen? And they said, "*Nay*, but we *will* have a king over us." They *did* have a king over them; but was this king a blessing?

Let the history of Saul tell the story.

TEA AND COFFEE.

Whoever attempts an exposé of these poisons, must expect that the world will rise *en masse*, as *one* man, to defend the ground and keep the enemy at bay. So general is the delusion that they are not only *healthy*, but actually *necessary*, and every body's experience cries out, They do *me* good, and, I couldn't do without them, so that the philanthropist can only hope that an isolated straggler here and there can be induced to turn aside and submit to be saved, as the last and only alternative.

This mania has "compassed sea and land." Wherever man has advanced *one* step beyond a savage life, you find the appendages of these stimulants; from the palace of the Queen to the cabin of the Emerald Isle, where the pig and the ass, and the master and mistress, have one common shelter and one common floor of straw; and to the islands of the sea, where but a few years ago the unlettered Sandwich Islander was huddling around his tray of pooa, and sucking it through his fingers, *there*, too, our Missionaries tell us that many a female is so elevated that she can preside with dignity at the head of her table, and serve this delightful beverage with much grace. What a lift from Paganism! She has exchanged her pooa for a deadly poison, and can pour this poison too with grace. This is Christianity with a vengeance; it might be expected that these tractable females would soon be able to be scratching upon the walls with the *delirium tremens*, to get away the snakes and lizards, as others have done with drinking this "good creature."

Tea and Coffee, what is their nature and what their effects? Their *nature* is poison, and *death* their effects; as Graham terms them, *antivital* or *life-destroying*,—destroying instantly when taken strong, and coming in contact with the living tissue, of which we are told there are three general ones, the cellular, muscular, and nervous, composing the animal system, each tissue containing its own vital properties; so that when any deleterious substance comes in contact, they are immediately disturbed, the alarm is given through the system, and every force is rallied to repel the enemy; if the poison be in a highly concentrated form, either the nervous power becomes paralyzed and death is the immediate result, or violent reaction will exhaust the vital properties, and destroy the constitution of the tissues, and death comes in and ends the sufferings.

This was clearly demonstrated by John Burdell, of New York, who made an experiment on rabbits, squirrels, and birds, by preparing a decoction of tea very strong. He applied one single drop to the tongue of each, and the rabbit lived about fourteen minutes, and some lived but seven; the birds died in a minute and half or two minutes, the muscles contracting in the deadly struggle, and the mouth emitting froth. The tea and coffee were prepared by simply boiling them in a tin cup till very strong.

Delirium tremens can be produced, and often is, by tea, and the poor victim may be a teetotaller, and wholly ignorant of the causes of this dreadful suffering, and often repeating the dose while the fit is on. The writer had a specimen of a fearful kind in the person of a woman residing in her house, who, when a headache commenced, took strong tea without cream or sugar, and went to her room; in an hour she was screaming, calling for help, scratching upon the wall with wild and staring eyes,

entreating that the lizards and snakes might be taken from it, insisting that they were crawling about the bed and every part of the ceiling; the fit did not entirely subside till near morning. Again she had the headache, and the tea was taken; another night of the same terrible suffering followed, when the cause was detected, the tea withheld, and no relapse of the disorder ever took place.

A similar case occurred in Philadelphia, but more painful; the victim was an old woman, and had become infatuated with the desire for tea, and so deranged at long intervals with its effects, that her family were compelled for days to keep her locked in her room, where she could injure no one nor have access to the tea.

These are alarming facts; but how few are alarmed. Could the mother when she is mixing the fatal poison with cream and sugar, making it at first weak, luring the taste to the relish, could she see the ever-living torture she is preparing for *that* child, when a few years shall have gone over her head, the debilitated frame, the aching head, sickened stomach, and palpitating heart, would she be persuaded to desist? Ah! and this is not all: the nursling on the mother's lap is often starting and restless, if not convulsed, with the poison extracted from the milk of her who is daily diluting this poison in that nutriment which should be pure as the breeze of heaven, diffusing health and vigour through the life-blood of the new-comer.

It has been ascertained by repeated experiments, that if we give poison to a cow, and her calf take the milk, it will die; while the cow will live, and receive no injury, or scarcely be affected by it. Many a lovely plant has withered in its mother's arms, and its laughing eye and velvet cheek been given to the worm, because the deluded mother knew not the laws of life;

and before her loved one had looked upon the world, she deeply planted the seeds of premature dissolution, which ever will ripen into decay or death, when fed and nurtured awhile on the same noxious poison that gave the first tone to existence.

But our constitutions are not alike, exclaims one; I should die without my tea and coffee; I have tried it, and could scarcely keep on my feet, and the Doctor told me I *must* take it. Read, if you please, the three following plain premises laid down by George Combe.

First, that all substances and beings have received a definite natural constitution; second, that every mode of action which is said to take place according to a natural law is inherent in the constitution or substance of the being; and third, that the mode of action described is universally and invariably the same, wherever and whenever the substances or beings are found in the same condition. Now, if there was ever plain common sense it is *here*, and any deviation from it is sheer ignorance and consummate nonsense; it is confusion; it is chaos; we are lost the moment we leave this path, and deserve to be so, for if we leave the only pole-star, we look in vain for another; our vessel will be the sport of every gale, and be dashed upon the first rock she may chance to meet.

It is much to be regretted that that valuable work, *The Constitution of Man*, is so little understood by those who call themselves not only Christians, but *enlightened* ones. Instead of containing the principles of infidelity, as many suppose, it contains the vital principles of Christianity *carried out*. It makes man *more* an accountable being than he is *willing* to be; it makes him responsible for breaking a *natural* law, involving in the act a *moral* transgression. Here is where the world, and the *Christian* world too, have ever been groping in the dark. They

will not or do not understand that God made the *physical* laws as well as the moral, and though he did not in so many words engrave them on the tables of stone given to Moses, yet he wrote them *on* and *in* every part of the machinery that we are daily carrying about, and whoever transgresses them knowingly, or carelessly ignorant of their effects, does so at his peril.

Well did Christ say, If I have told you earthly things, and ye will not believe, how shall ye believe if I tell you heavenly things? If we know nothing of our bodies, nor study their nature, when these bodies are the only medium of introducing us to a heaven of happiness, how can we expect that *heavenly* things in their beauty will be understood and valued? Poor blind man! to suppose a machine constructed with such consummate skill as our bodies are would be made after no definite plan, and have no definite laws to keep them moving in accordance with this plan! And Graham has wisely said, "All except the atheist will acknowledge that it is befitting a God of infinite intelligence, and wisdom, and goodness, that all the works of his hands should be established in order and harmonious system, and governed by precise and unchanging laws; and even he who denies the existence of a God is forward to confess that eternal and unvarying laws reign *in* and *over* every thing; yet strange to tell, when this principle is applied to human life and health and disease, these are matters of entire uncertainty,—governed by no laws, and subject only to the arbitrary control of God, or the blind necessity of fate, or the utter contingency of accident." Yet absurd as this principle is, where conscience is blunted by the daily use of what might *once* be deemed unsafe, and where the appetite is strong and firmness small, man rushes on, nor heeds the admonitions of the voice of God, which speaks loudly in every pain he feels.

Another almost insuperable difficulty is, the deceitfulness with which tea and coffee operate ; like a deep-still channel under ground, they silently work their way, removing a stone here and a block there, till the last barrier is taken away, and the sudden crash alone tells the destruction that has been at work within. "Because judgment against an evil work is not speedily executed, therefore the hearts of the sons of men are fully set in them to do evil."

Now, if the mother would give the child, when she is learning it this *genteel* practice, a cup of tea or coffee as strong as the real tea-drinker demands it, without milk or sugar, she would soon see her darling writhing in agonies before her, and probably ceasing to breathe ; but, as if by instinct, the mother, deluded as she is in her *own* case, always tells the child at first, "*tea* is not good for little children, and it must be taken *weak*,"—she acknowledges it is not safe, and so must approach this enemy with stealthy footsteps ; she never tells her child that bread is not good, and she must wait till she is a big girl before she eats it, yet this deception steals upon the mother in her own case, because it is a welcome soothing one, because it brings along with it a momentary satisfaction, and throws about her a pleasant mist, in which she loves to be enveloped. *Fashion*, too, sits here as goddess, and she tells you she should be afraid to be thought so singular, and "what should I do at a party, and what should I set before my friends?"

"I would rather die," said a woman in the incipient stage of a consumption, "than give up my coffee. While I live I *will* live, and take what suits my taste, if I die a little sooner."

A small country village is the most favourable place to show the exhilarating effects of tea. Here the females are generally well acquainted with each other, and often meet to discuss fa-

mily affairs, and take a sociable cup of tea together. If they are not in the habit of reading much, they talk about trifles, and when the tea hour arrives, let an observer who takes no part with them see the working of this insidious stimulant. These women, perhaps, would be shocked at hearing that one of the party would take a glass of spirits; but before the second cup has gone round, the fire is kindled, and the excited brain begins to elicit its flashes of wit, perhaps at one another, or too often some absent neighbour is the theme of their merriment. While forgetting all rules of etiquette, two or three voices may be heard rivalling each other, and the clamour increases, till a club of ale-house tipplers could only equal the confusion; yet tell these well-meaning, warm-hearted neighbours what in reality they are doing by these social visits, and they do not believe a word that tea has anything to do in the matter.

Here allow a little egotism, and suffer me to tell my own sad story, for my ease is too pointed a one to be overlooked in this work. Well, *too well*, have I tested the truth of these remarks; and I am fully prepared to warn the unwary traveller of the pitfalls over which he is walking.

When my footsteps were first directed to the hall where Graham was lecturing, (the man who has thrown all his masterly talents into the study of human organization and human life,) little did my frenzied brain anticipate the doom that awaited me *there*. I was then apparently "standing on the isthmus between two worlds." The wilderness I had travelled over was a wild mazy one, and the gulf before me an *untried* one. A morbid state of the whole system had long held me trembling in doubt, till the physicians decided no more could be done. A pressure of blood to the brain, caused by a close sedentary life, and indulgence in flesh meats and narcotics, had

become so obstinate that it defied all medical skill: and strong coffee was taken at each meal, a bowl carried into my school to be taken cold, and a fresh cup on going to bed, to still the fearful palpitation of my heart, which had now become so violent that it threw the blood to my brain, at times producing a frenzy amounting almost to madness.

When sitting in the hall, and hearing the cogent *common sense* reasoning so entirely new both in matter and manner, and listening to the graphic description of the effects of alcohol on the vital principle, I trembled for the moderate drinker; but when he added, "tea and coffee are not much better," I startled and awoke as from a dream. Never before had I heard any *substantial* reasons why these were pernicious, and truth flashed upon my mind in a new and vivid light; but so depressed were my spirits, and so hopeless seemed my case, and so rebuked was I that in all my searchings after knowledge, the knowledge of *myself* had been entirely overlooked, added to the conviction that I had debarred myself from presenting my "body a living sacrifice, which was my reasonable service," that I could do nothing but weep.

That was an hour of awful conflict—an hour which decided my fate for time,—which "set my feet on a rock, and put a new song into my mouth." I went out alone, and pausing under the moonlight shade of an isolated tree, I queried, Should I resolve to drop my only support—*coffee*,—I must relinquish my school, and probably die in a short time; should I continue the practice, a fit of apoplexy would at last send me away; and I resolved to die a temperate woman, even though I should die a martyr. The struggle was a mighty one: the coffee was not taken at retiring, and the frightful thumping of the heart went on. The next day was Sabbath; on a breakfast

of brown bread and potatoe, I went to the Sabbath school. The room soon turned dark, and hurrying to my seat in the church, I remained through the service, at times actually fearing that death had called for me. It seemed that every ailment had congregated about the citadel, the heart, demanding its stimulus; while the cold, fluttering victim stood in suspense, sometimes rallying a little, at others ceasing for a time its efforts, and I walked home, though with many stoppages, took to my bed, and for two weeks the clamorous world stood about me, rebuking my presumption and obstinacy, sometimes consulting if it were not their duty to compel me to take some kind of stimulus, thinking a cup of coffee or a powder of bark might rally the exhausted energies and lay a foundation for raising the fabric. The contest for a week hung in suspense; but nature put herself *in earnest* to the glorious work; the system had not been poisoned by calomel or minerals, and *this* was the only rational claim to a thorough cure. She pulled out every pin of the dilapidated tabernacle, scattered the rubbish accumulated by years of greasy flesh eating and still more poisonous narcotics; she laid a new corner-stone from her own workshop, she gathered her materials of brick and cement noiselessly, and *soon* she builded the house, and placed the cap-stone, shouting Victory, victory. The wondering world looked on; in a fortnight, without medicine or food, save hard bread and water gruel, I found myself able to take a basket of coarse hard biscuit and apples, go on board a steam packet, and visit my own green hills in the State of Vermont, where the days of my childhood were spent.

My fluttering heart was now quiescent; the fever of my brain had subsided; the *burning, never dying thirst*, crying Give, give, was allayed; and the life blood was steadily flowing

through vein and artery. Daily ablution, while it threw off the impurities of the blood upon the surface, began to renew my youth like the eagle's, and as I daily approximated to this healing sun of righteousness, the vision was clearer, the "house was swept and garnished," the "old leaven was purged out," and a new lump made; though every pain, fever, and unnatural thirst had left me, yet it was not till some months of undeviating practice in this truthful way that my strength was firm;—but coarse bread, vegetables, and fruit, ablutions, daily exercise in the open air, regularity in food and sleep, placed me not only where I could stand, on Pisgah's top, and look into the promised land, but it took me *across* Jordan, and set me safely into the green pastures, "flowing with milk and honey."

Fourteen years have passed, and though the winds of adversity have howled over my head—earthly possessions have taken to themselves wings—friends that I loved have silently gone down to the dust, yet not an abiding fear of want—not a murmur at privations have settled on my heart, and scarcely a tear bedewed my face but for the suffering of poor purblind man. Not a sickness of stomach, a dullness nor pain of the head, no clamorous cravings of hunger, though for days in succession have I walked on the rugged sea-coast of Ireland, and over the wild mountains of heather, twenty and twenty-three Irish miles in a day, with a pennyworth of bread in the morning and a few potatoes at night, with neither milk or butter; have slept on chairs, or a bundle of straw, or on a bed, as the case might be, and felt no suffering in stomach or limb, except by blistered feet.

In short, *I never lived before*, and never knew, nor can heart conceive, what God has prepared for those who will follow the voice of nature even in this life, and have found that "man

wants but little here below," and that little will always be within his reach if he follow nature; it will enable him to look down on an artificial world with eyes of pity, and feel an independence that laughs at want and privation. Standing on such an eminence what can he dread?

The world cannot harm him; for he asks not her fripperies—her unnecessary gains or rewards. O, "Come, and see." Come, drink at this fountain and you shall never thirst. Come, feast at this banquet and you shall never hunger. Come, ye mothers, and bring your little ones, you shall see them laughing in healthful sport about you, free from pains and nausea; you shall have no sleepless nights of anxious watchings, with powders and cathartics, to bribe down with candies and plums, or force with threats of punishment. You shall not see that annoying peevishness; that unsatisfied, restless reaching after forbidden and improper gratifications, that metamorphoses almost every kitchen and nursery into a mad-house; they will flourish around you like well-watered plants in the garden of health.

Commence this *early*, as soon as their young eyes begin to look out upon the world, or ever their feet have trod its prickly paths, lure them to nature's fount; give them a relish for her dainties, by preparing in your *own* crucible that wholesome nutriment which will impart both life and health, even before their teeth shall have torn the flesh, or their lips shall have tasted the lustful blood of the four-footed beast, or the "abominable" broth of the creeping reptile. Yes, and like the mother of Samson, listen to the voice of the angel, who told her *once* and again, "to drink not wine or strong drink, and eat not any unclean thing."

Mothers, do you know your high destiny? Do you know

that the world in embryo is just what you make it? Do you know that every *farmer*, every *tradesman*, every *politician*, every *divine*, takes the shape he always retains from your plastic hands? Do you know the garment your child may wear, the food he may partake, may be the happy agent of many a self-denial, or dangerous, hurtful lust, when you shall be sleeping in forgetfulness!

Be entreated then, to begin early, first upon *yourself*, and as soon as God presents you with the boon of a young immortal, take it and bring it up for Him, and He will "pay you your wages." Baptise not his young brain in the fire of alcohol as soon as he breathes; take the pure limpid water from the spring, remove its roughest coldness, and daily let him swim and lave. Keep from your own lips the poison narcotic, the bloody flesh, and the nasty fat. When he has teeth, give him the coarse, clean bread, and the juicy, well-ripened fruit, and be *careful* you give the food at regular intervals, at equi-distant hours, and in suitable quantities, that the stomach feel neither want nor distention. Many a child is made pceevish by waiting for food which he should have had hours before, and many have been made feeble and sickly by a gorged stomach at all times. A child who at any hour in the day has something in his hand to eat, will require much attention through the night to allay the thirst, if not purgations to remove the food. Food when given to repletion is as besotting as drunkenness, and equally as dangerous. It is an *absurd*, a *dangerous* practice, to feed children till they can take no more; the stomach will soon learn to take an undue supply, and a morbid appetite to crave it; and children when pampered in this way lose all power of judging what or how much food they should take.

Give them regular hours of sleep, and let this sleep begin

early—as early as seven, or half after, should every child under ten be in bed, especially in the *winter season*, and should their chatter begin at five in the morning, so much the better—let nature's voice be heard—the opening of the day is for the *very purpose* that all animated creation should be awake—the light shines for that *very purpose*, that man be to his duty: what if every man, woman, and child should be in bed till eight in the morning, what a waste of sun-light, and what a waste of precious time, which is far more valuable than money! Let your children, then, arise, and be sure you do not threaten them with the rod or strap, if they do not lie down, and let you take a second nap. Call them out at five, and wash them all over in cold water, let them go into the open air, and gambol as they may choose. Give them a good apple an half hour before breakfast, which should always be as early as seven, then from this to one, give them alternate exercise for body and mind, with *particular* care that the lessons be not punishments, but *amusements*, that the brain, not yet sufficiently indurated, be not overtaxed, and thus enfeebled; be not afraid that your daughter will become vulgar and ill-formed, though you should allow her shooting waist to shapen into nature's mould, as it came from the finishing-hand of the skilful workman. Give every muscle and bone *full* play, and let no benches or stools keep them for hours in a painful confined condition; they *must* be allowed to turn every limb upon the hinges, without care or design, else they are in danger of growing deformed, or dwarfish; let them *jump*, let them *laugh*, let them *scream*, and if hurt, let them *cry*, it will give strength to the lungs, and throw a healthy circulation through the whole system.

In short, let them be *children*, and let them be *nature's* children. God has made the young of every creature to frolic—

from the playful kitten to the clumsy elephant : he has made them to enjoy life, and he has made it innocent so to do. At five o'clock give your children a light supper without fruit—fruit gives the stomach that healthy action, that at night there is danger of taking too much food, if it be used, and a very little is needed in the last of the day—a child who goes to bed *hungry* will have a better night's rest than one who goes *full*, and be much more refreshed in the morning; and another washing will be beneficial, especially if they have been exposed to dust.

Their sleep will then *be sleep* ; they will awake with no pallid cheeks, nor sickly stomachs, and you will see that, like a *well-made, regular-wound clock*, they will grow into life with no calls for druggists or doctors, save some dislocated bone, or accidental poison, should make it necessary.

Should any symptom of cold or nausea, from improper fruit or effluvia disturb them, keep them fasting one meal, bathe them in tepid water, and give them nothing but gruel for a day, and your doctor and his pills may find their reward in some full-fed, flesh-eating family. You will have no call for either.

BED-ROOMS, BEDS, TEETH, &c.

Great care should be taken what bed-rooms, and what beds are provided for children. The room should be well-ventilated, and kept clean, and if it be tight, there should be some aperture where fresh air may continually enter during the night, to replenish the waste of oxygen caused by breathing. It is a serious and prevailing evil throughout civilized life, the care that is used to keep every opening in a sleeping room closed, but it is a well-known fact, that those who practice pulling a window down a little on going to bed, enjoy their sleep much better, and never take cold from it ; but if the window be raised from the bottom, something should be hung between the bed and window, that the full force of the air from without should not be felt—but when from the top, the air passes along the ceiling, it becomes softened by the air of the room, before it reaches the person in bed.

A person in New York, who has for twenty-five years been in the habit of sleeping with a window down in this way—if by forgetfulness it be left closed, or some squeamish person in the room will not allow it open, she invariably, after a few hours sleeping, awakes with a sense of suffocation, and must either open a window, or leave the room ; the same in a coach or packet. When the air has passed through the lungs once, its vitality is so far exhausted that it is never fit for breathing till its life is restored by fresh and wholesome air.

But feather beds, rather than be used for healthy or un-

healthy persons, should be banished from every family—they had better be committed to the flames, and their ashes scattered to the winds of heaven ; they are an actual *nuisance*, causing a highly offensive smell—producing debility, restlessness in sleep, *unrefreshing*, and leaving the person more liable to colds; *suffocating*, and requiring more bed-clothes to keep the body warm. Some old experienced housekeeper cries out, “What! more bed-clothes to keep you warm ; I know better than all *that*; I have slept all my lifetime on feathers, and should freeze to death on any other bed—besides, my bones would ache so, that I couldn’t sleep, nor keep about through the day ;” but let such make the experiment for three months, upon a hair mattress, palm-leaf, wool, or even straw mattress; let us hear if by this time she cannot throw off one blanket, and that her sleep is more sound and refreshing—see if more firmness and elasticity be not added to the limbs, and more vigour throughout the system.

It is truly pitiful and *disgusting* to see a housekeeper crawling out of a nest of feathers, probably an hour or two after the sun has risen, *drawling* and debilitated—perhaps with scarcely strength to wash herself thoroughly, or to give her servant a scolding for smoking the tea, or boiling the egg too much, while a half-dozen urchins, with unwashed faces, and uncombed hair, are clamouring for breakfast, and who, perhaps, have been hearing the commands of the mother for two hours—“To be still, and let her go to sleep.”

Feather-bed sleepers want more sleep in the morning, and cannot summon the resolution to get up that those can, who lie on mattresses ; and the reason is obvious ; feathers will not allow so undisturbed rest, and when the morning opens, they “have *just got into a good nap*,” or they are so unsatisfied

that they continue to hug the pillow, hoping that they shall overtake the flying fugitive, if they stop a little longer, and the *children* are kept still; while the one who sleeps on a clean mattress, sleeps soundly, husbanding every moment to the best advantage; and, when he awakes, he feels invigorated—his work is well done, and with a buoyant satisfaction; he goes out to meet the morning, happy—he scarcely knows why—and enquires not wherefore.

An American woman, who had lived three years on a vegetable diet, put herself upon a more regular system, by retiring precisely at ten, rising at five, sponging in cold water, going into the open air, and walking two miles, in the winter season, then taking a simple breakfast of bread and gruel, or rice, at seven, and all other things equal; and after five months' practice, she observed, that she had slept six hours and three quarters every night, without dreaming but once, and *that* a very pleasant dream, and she had not been conscious of once in the time moving from the position in which she placed herself when retiring, nor never felt the least reluctance in rising when five o'clock arrived. Her bed was a wool mattress, and her bed-clothes light—her bed-room not large, but the window opened from the top, and though the winter was extremely cold, she had never had occasion to go to the fire to warm her feet, though much exposed to the open air through the day.

The wise man has told us "that dreams come through the multitude of business;" and it might be added, they come, too, through the multitude of feathers, bed-clothes, narcotics, and overcharged stomachs, late suppers, and the whole host of intemperance in every shape and every form. One who sleeps healthily should *never* dream; dreaming is not sleeping, in the true meaning of sleep, for sleep should be a total suspension

of all the powers of animal life. "Every sense," Graham says, "is locked up, every thought is hushed, and not the slightest consciousness of existence remains." And yet how beautiful the thought, that in the midst of this house of death, organic life goes on; every wheel turns round; the auricles and ventricles of the heart receive and return the blood; the lungs, through their ten thousand air cells are inhaling the breath of heaven to purify the blood, and this blood, by thousands of aqueducts, is carried through the system, while every sense is inert, and *feels* not, *hears* not, the busy work going on within.

How complete this machinery—how harmonious its construction—how fixed its law! In wisdom truly was it made, and yet how little understood—the hands so admirably constructed to minister to our wants, the feet that are daily carrying us about, the eyes that are constantly looking out upon a world, beautified with all the handiworks of God, are known only by their name. Every mother knows that her child is covered with a skin, and if this skin is pricked or scratched it will bleed. She knows that it has *eyes*, and she tells it to "shut them up, and go to sleep." She knows it has a stomach, and *this* stomach is the place where is lodged all that she puts into the mouth; but ask her what are the *peculiar* offices of these several parts of the body, and how much can she tell you? Ask her the uses of the skin, besides covering the body, and will she tell you it answers much the same purpose of breathing as the lungs? that if kept clean, it emits through its pores the effete matter of the body, which otherwise would return upon the lungs, kidneys, &c., and often *does* produce disease; but when the pores are continually open, the atmosphere is inhaled, giving a lively tone of feeling to the whole system? will she tell you why the eye-lids are fixed as by involuntary

pulleys, constantly springing up, and falling down, and why they should shut closely, and thus remain, till the soul knocks at their window-shutters, that it may again look out, and take a busy part in the scenes around? and can she tell you how this important sac the stomach, is organised—how easily offended at wrong, when first abused—how its connection with the brain produces all that is dreadful, even death itself, and how healthily the machinery moves on when all is right *here*? When she is combing and oiling the beautiful covering of the head of her child, does she know that the beauty of this hair depends on the healthy state of the stomach and blood? that the roots contain a principle of life—that if not fed with proper aliment, wither, and the hair falls off, in spite of perfumes, hair-oils, and all the paraphernalia of quackery for its restoration?

Does she know that the ivory teeth, so finely set, and so firmly crusted, can be destroyed by the never-ceasing hot drinks, cordials, sugar-plums, and poison pastries, and puddings, with which the stomach is gorged? Does she know, that while her children live, God designs they shall eat—and if they eat, they cannot do it comfortably with rotten teeth? and that decayed teeth, or dentist's pincers, have no *justifiable* business in a young mouth, just beginning the duties of life? Does she believe the antediluvians sat up whole nights with the tooth-ache, or knew the art of filling the mouth with artificial grinders, when the first set had been worn out? And does she know that the blood has any connection with the teeth, and as the blood is healthy or unhealthy, so are the teeth? If she know all these things, why, as she loves her children, does she not act in accordance? and if she have not studied these laws of life, he will, it is hoped, take it kindly that she is admonished of their importance.

The history of all ages show, that in proportion as man becomes civilized, and indulges in luxuries, his teeth are known to give a terrible alarm of the unnatural abuse going on in the stomach. Pagan nations, who live on a vegetable diet, and practise little of the arts of cookery, know nothing of the toothache, though sometimes they fall out when the jaw becomes shrivelled with age, but then the gums are so sound, that they can well masticate the vegetables and fruits they need for support.

My mother was ninety-two, when last I saw her—she was bent with years, leaning upon a staff, but her eye was not dim, nor its lustre abated ; she had lived nearly a century of regular industry, arising always before the sun—"the sun, she told me, never looked down upon me in bed, when I was well." She was of an even temperament, and cheerful disposition—*temperate* to a proverb, though she had studied no books of physiology. She never could be persuaded to take tea or coffee as a beverage, using them, when in company, as a kind of apology, excusing herself that she never liked them. *Pork* was her abhorrence ; and fats, or even butter, she scrupulously avoided ; her food was vegetable—porridge, rice, milk and coarse bread, and never was she seen leaving her own table, without selecting the hardest crust upon the plate, and taking it to masticate at leisure ; when asked why she did this, the answer invariably was—"It keeps me from being thirsty, and makes my stomach feel well." Never was a better physiological truth than this, though she knew it not. But her teeth, these—not *one* ever ached—she had one only remaining, and she often laughed at her children when she saw them steaming their jaws, and dancing about the house with the torture of a decayed tooth ; *she could not understand it* ; her teeth had fallen out without much decay, and *no* suffering, but her gums were so sound and

hardened, that to the *last* she could masticate her crust with the greatest ease, and in less time than any of her children, who had an apology for a mouthful of teeth.

It is a woful pity, that this terrible suffering *cannot, will not*, be spared—that so many dentists are fattening on this never-ceasing misery; it is a pity that head-strong, wreckless man, will not practise the reason that a kind God has given him. Let him learn a lesson from the beasts that perish; they never have decayed teeth, unless domesticated. Look at the cow, which has been fed on the offals of the kitchen, or a distillery—her teeth soon become diseased, and often break off; whether she goes bellowing about with the pain, or ever put her head into a dentist's shop for a cure, is left for the reader to decide; but this is a notorious fact, that in New York, the cows were examined which had been fed on these materials, and not one had sound teeth. Not so with one which roams free, and crops the grass, or eats the dry hay, which nature has provided for her food.

“Mother,” said a little girl suffering with the toothache, “what did God want to make our teeth ache for?” “You should’nt talk so, my child. God sends all these pains because we are sinners, and we should never murmur.” He does send all these pains because we transgress his *natural* laws, and had the mother understood *these* she could have spared her child these sufferings, and herself the guilt of bringing them upon her.

TOBACCO AND ITS EFFECTS.

If there is any thing that is *besotting*—if there is any thing that is indescribably *filthy*—if there is any thing that is inexcusably *sinful*, it is the degrading practice of the use of this abominable weed—and those who use it have not the *least* shadow of excuse, and should not claim a right to the privileges of a cleanly-kept drawing-table, or well-laid dinner-table; they should have some out-house by themselves, with distinct floors for the smoke, sewers for the juice, and troughs for the exigencies of snuff for noses. The English language has not sufficient strength to express the contempt in which this vile weed should be held; and it is inundating all Britain like an overflowing flood. Even the professed man of God, while he stands in the pulpit, pointing the sinner the way to heaven, and telling him to “crucify the flesh with its lusts and affections,”—if the largeness of the quid forbid his rolling it as a sweet morsel under his tongue while preaching, he may be seen clapping it in his mouth to masticate while the psalm is singing, or shovelling the delicious powder, from some horn or snuff-box, into his nose.

The church is “*mad* upon this idol,” and while she is ransacking sea and land to collect money for building houses of worship, and manses for the dwellings of the clergy, she is snuffing into her head, blowing through her throat, and spirting between her teeth, what would build, and finish all needed houses of worship (if not manses) in the kingdom; and surely if the tobacco will not do it, that is used in the church, the whisky and wine will toss the scale.

The clergy should certainly be treated with all the dignity that their sacred station demands, and because they *are* "earthen vessels," and *can* be broken, we should handle them carefully, and not dash them without suitable provocation. But when they let themselves down to the tobacco worm, and still worm, they must be met upon their own level. If they will make their bodies receptacles for every unclean and hateful thing, they must not cry out *blasphemy*, because the world has eyes to see, and moral courage to speak out. "Judgment must begin at the house of God,"—the sanctuary should first be cleansed, and they who stand upon the walls are the first who should be taken down, and laid away, if their sight be unseemly.

What would the clergyman in Ireland, who stands at least very respectably as to talent and piety say, should his eye meet the following true sketch of himself. He had invited an American woman to breakfast with him at nine o'clock; she arose at an early hour, and walked to his house, a distance of a mile and a half, and all was still. By loud and long ringing a servant was aroused, and she invited her in to the parlour, to wait till the master and mistress should come down, as they were yet in bed. They had been out to attend a fashionable party the preceding night; and what, with the supper, the drinking of punch, and the wine, the lateness of the hour, they felt little inclined to get out the next morning. Three hours she sat, and the man of the gown, and his lady, entered the parlour, *he* looking as if the last night's conviviality had affected both head and eyes.

Not an apology for keeping the invited guest three hours beyond the time, and the tea, bread and butter, were brought in. It was now high noon—the blessing was craved—a cup of tea taken, when the holy man took out his snuff-box, rapped the

lid, opened it, and took out no *niggardly* pinch, and took it with no *niggardly* relish; put back his box, returned to his bread and butter, and sanctimoniously asked, "Did Miss Trollope say true of the Americans, when she said they would put their feet upon the mantle-piece, in a parlour, and spit their tobacco juice about the grate? It was too much to be believed, and he was happy to meet one who could tell him the truth." The woman confounded, hardly knowing how to understand him, that in the face and eyes of all *decency*, good *breeding*, or *cleanliness*, he should so outrage all decorum, and then gravely ask, "If *Americans* could be so rude as to do *that*?" She looked a moment to test the sincerity of his question, and answered, "That whatever society Miss Trollope might have chosen, she knew not; but that though the dandies and clerks might be puffing their cigars about the streets, yet in many of the *churches* in America it would be a barrier to church-fellowship, and instances have occurred where clergymen have been requested not to go into the pulpit while they practised so vile a habit; and that snuff-taking was held in the greatest abhorrence by most people." He coolly replied "that he was quite glad to hear matters were so favourable, and believed there were many good people in that country;" not seeming in the least to understand the rebuke, and took another *hearty* pinch at leaving the table.

Here was such a proof of the blinding nature of sin in a Minister of the New Testament, that we need go no further to believe that a professed Christian, in a *peculiar* manner, is more shielded against rebuke than any other class. He feels himself sheltered by the name he bears, not seeming to fear that any one protected by the church is in danger of egregiously erring. The teetotaller who is going from soirce to soiree, making thun-

dering speeches on the awful sin of intemperance, often sits down from a long-spun flowery speech and refreshes his nose with a pinch or two of snuff, or as soon as he gets out, lights his pipe or cigar, and puffs in the face of his neighbour, to his nose and eyes content, the horrid effluvia.

But, says the reader, all this does not teach us the nature of tobacco. *The nature of tobacco!* Wet a leaf and put it upon the skin, and your enquiries will be answered. But the nature of tobacco is written, as in capitals, on the leaf as it is growing—on the coil in the cask, when it sends out its effluvia—on the snuff in a defiled housekeeper's fingers—in the smoke, as it curls from the throat and mouth, and the juice on the corners of a tobaccomonger's lips. Tobacco has in its very nature a filth, of which nothing else can boast. The whisky and wine drinkers are *Puritans* compared with these defilers. The man of wine and whisky swallows his dram, and his breath tells you what he has been doing; but his teeth, the corners of his mouth, his shirt bosom, his nose, his fingers, his pocket handkerchief, bear no *outward* marks of any defilement. But as soon as a tobaccomonger makes his approach, all decency recoils; you feel like running before an enemy that not only warns by the breath, but the nasal voice, the sprinklings of the snuff, or the rivulets of juice running down not only upon the "beard," but upon the "garments."

If it had no injurious effects, its *filth* alone is sufficient condemnation; but its effects are often deadly. The skulls of persons dying, as was supposed, of apoplexy, have been opened, and snuff found in the cavities of the brain, and it was decided that snuff was the cause of death. The difficulty of getting divorced from this habit is greater than that of any other, often producing derangement when the poor victim is endeavouring to

rid himself of the nuisance; and when the system is saturated with it by the continued habit of chewing, the effluvia of the body when the pores are opened is like that of a tobacco cask.

A case occurred in the Temperance House, in New York, illustrative of this truth, which should not be suppressed. A man who made use of this weed in great abundance from the age of fifteen, both by chewing and snuffing, made application to the Temperance House for board. Knowing he had always been in high life, taken much wine and brandy, and that he had fared at a sumptuous table daily, he was at first refused, on the principle that he could not come down from flesh, tea and coffee, ardent spirits, and tobacco, all at once, and as he would be allowed none in the house, he was advised not to make the experiment. He insisted on admittance, promising he would *strictly* adhere to every rule, both in the house and in his office. He was admitted; for a fortnight he was tolerable—abstaining from all that was stimulating; but, then, as at once the whole fabric tumbled, he took his bed, and the next morning he was a fearful sight. He was a complete maniac, frightened at all he saw. He was persuaded to lie down, and was washed in soda water thoroughly, and went into a quiet sleep, which lasted till next morning. On awaking, he was completely prostrated; but the effluvia from his body was so strong, that it was unpleasant to be in the room, especially near his bed. The soda water had opened the pores, and the spices flowed out. In other words, the tobacco in which he had been steeped for more than 25 years, was making its escape through every pore; and he was washed again, and the same odour continued for eight-and-forty hours without any abatement. Gradually at every ablution it died away, and he continued four weeks prostrated, so that he spoke in a whisper, took no medi-

cine but gum arabic water, and no food but gruel made of wheaten meal. His skin first assumed a sallow appearance, then it seemed to renovate, and though he was forty-two years old, yet it appeared clear, soft, and young, so much so, that all who saw him marvelled at the great change. Finally, he was completely cured of every narcotic, and made a new man.

Nature was the sole manager of the whole affair; had he taken medicine, the wonderful change would have been attributed to the skill of the physician, or efficacy of pills and powders. He testified that his longings for tobacco were beyond everything else;—his wine, brandy, tea, and coffee, could very well be discharged, but his tobacco, how *could* he live without it!

After all that has been said—all that has been written, and all that daily is seen of the effects of this disgusting practice, any further attempts seem hopeless, as to working an effectual cure of the evil. Ireland, which has done herself so much credit in the temperance cause, is besotting herself with this nasty weed; even the beggar is asking a penny to “get the tobacco,” and from high life to low, the pipe often goes down, from the grandfather to the lad of fifteen, about the fireside. To their honour be it said, they are not stuffing their noses so full of snuff as in more favoured Scotland, and you need not be so cautious, when you take a potatoe from the hand of a cabin-woman, that it has been spiced with snuff, as you might, in a country looking quite down upon them in moral and intellectual attainments.

Finally, and for ever, time is *lost*—paper is *defiled*—and great, and *would-be* good folks, are offended when this monster is rebuked—especially when they are shown it in its *true* deformity. Little boys about the streets are puffing it; and be assured,

whatever parent or guardian encourages this custom in a boy, has opened the flood-gate to every vile practice; all other evil spirits enter in, and dwell, where tobacco has found a lodging in a young boy.

Parents, save your children if you are lost yourselves; do not be like old Eli, whose "sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." It is not enough that you *tell* your child tobacco is a nasty hurtful thing, and you wish he would not use it. *Restrain him—yes, restrain him*, and this will require no violence, if you begin in season, and begin right. If your example be what it should be, the work will not be an insurmountable task. There is a sure and effectual way to escape every base habit, and that is, never take the *first* step—never let a child play with edge tools, and he will never cut himself; but when the citadel is opened to the enemy, he not only *enters*, but he enters *bag* and *baggage*, taking all that appertains to him, not leaving a "hoof behind."

Beware, then—be entreated—leave off this deadly foe—
TOBACCO!

V E G E T A B L E S.

In nothing, probably, do people of all nations err more grossly concerning food, than on the *nature* and *cooking* of vegetables. It is a common remark, "I cannot eat *this*, and *that* vegetable ; it distresses me, and the doctor, too, says vegetables are too indigestible for my stomach."

This all may be true—but what is the matter with your stomach ? and how did it become so perverse that it *could not*, and *would not*, receive nature's *healthy* and *rational* food ? If the stomach reject *truth*, and receive *error*, it must be in a morbid state. Oil and water will not mix, neither will truth and error ; if the stomach will not receive a well-cooked, dry potatoe, it is widely off the line of truth.

The history of the Irish goes to prove, beyond all disputation, that the potatoe not only *sustains* life, but sustains it *healthily*. It keeps the machinery in a steady going forward—without aching heads, sickly stomachs, or agitated nerves, and keeps it in so quiet a state, that many live to an old age, quite beyond that of other civilized nations.

In almost every country town in Ireland may be found from one to three persons, from ninety-five to a hundred, a hundred and five, and sometimes *ten* ; and, when asked on what they had subsisted, the answer would invariably be—"The potatoe, and sometimes a sup of milk." Persons of seventy, and seventy-five, often have white sound teeth, and the youthful appearance of skin and hair, *tell* that the life-blood has been flowing healthily, and quietly on, full of strength and vigour.

“The potatoe,” said an Irishman, “has been the greatest *curse* that Ireland ever knew, because it keeps us strong for the work we have been made to work for nothing, and eat the vile root, morning, noon, and night, for its *chapeness*.”

If there is a stomach on earth that cannot dispose (to good advantage) of a well prepared potatoe—that *stomach* must have inherited from the parents some disease, or have been broken down by pastries, narcoties, flesh, and greasy substances, so that its *natural* and *healthy* energy is destroyed.

The *cooking* of vegetables is a most important item, so far as both health and taste are concerned; they should always be cooked as dry as possible, and a poor potatoe can be greatly improved by paring, and being kept in cold water over night, and then throwing it into boiling water to cook.

Parsnips should be sliced, and boiled down till well cooked, then browned, and the water in which they were boiled simmered down, till it becomes quite strong, and when the parsnip is brought to the table, this liquor poured over it. Turnips are good, prepared in the same way.

Some physiologists have said, that no vegetable that required to pass through cooking, to make it palatable, should ever be eaten; but *this* may be asserted with safety, that every vegetable that passes through the ordeal of *hot* water, is improved both in *health* and *taste*, by being, in some way, when taken out of the water, put *on* or *before* a fire, till the water all evaporates. Toasting potatoes over the fire, after boiling, is a good way—mashing them with or without turnips—put nicely into a dish, and with a knife or spoon, indented and crossed, then some water salted, and poured over—placed before the fire, till well dried through, and browned over, and eaten with a little milk or cream, is a good relish. Parsnips and potatoes are pre-

pared in the same manner. Beets, boiled and chopped with potatoes, and browned, are good; but these should never be mashed, and a potatoe is not as well for the stomach, mashed, as when it is eaten whole, and masticated more with the teeth.

Cabbage should be boiled very tender—the salt first thrown into the water. Cabbage is of a more heavy nature than any other vegetable eaten, and, when cooked with flesh, and incorporated with fat, or butter, it is fit for the digester of *all things*—*the stomach of the swine*; but well boiled in simple salt and water, it is not objectionable.

Onions, well boiled, are a healthy vegetable; but they need nothing but salt flung into the water, to season them; they are good sliced, boiled a few minutes, then the same quantity, or less, of sour apples sliced and boiled with them.

The Cauliflower is a simple, healthy, vegetable, boiled in water. Every dietetic, who follows nature, knows, that every vegetable suited for the palate and stomach, contains each in itself its own flavour or spice, (as you may choose to call it,) and no foreign condiment can improve it, if the *article* itself be good; and though different kinds of vegetables may be cooked together in the same vessel to good advantage, yet when any foreign condiment is added, the pure simple zest which nature has provided, is greatly *blunted*, if not entirely *lost*. Heating spices and peppers, often destroy that natural relish contained in an article, and besides paralyzing the palate, destroy all that is wholesome in the thing *itself*. Melted fats and butter are the *extremes* of a vitiated appetite, and have not *one* redeeming quality in them; and God required in the law, that the fat of the sacrifices should be burnt, and that is the *wisest* disposal that can be made of grease of *any* kind, unless it be used in rubbing rusty machinery. Every housekeeper knows, that it

is the thing she most dreads upon her carpet, her table-linen, and her *dress*, and yet she prepares it for the *palate* and *stomach*, which is the most improper deposit that could possibly be provided for it. Dr. Beaumont said, that grease of any kind remained in the stomach of his patient long after the solid food had been digested and removed—the stomach labouring in vain to dispose of it, as the gastric juice had little or no power over it, and nothing but bile could remove this adhesive filth,—that it could not be made into chyle, which is the nutritious part of our food; and whatever portion made its way into the system, was wholly to its detriment, affecting the skin—often producing a greasy appearance upon the surface, and is frequently the cause of disease in the intestines. When cream has gone through the process of churning, the buttermilk contains the nutritious part—and the butter, which may properly be termed grease, retains little or *none* of it, as it cannot be made into chyle by the gastric juice. One quart of buttermilk has the nutriment of three pints of good milk, say some who have analyzed it.

Keep off grease of all kinds from vegetables, both in cooking and when brought upon the table; good milk and cream is much better to a pure taste, and safer to the stomach; besides, they contain more nutriment, and are not injurious to the blood; but milk cannot be good unless the cows be fed upon the *best* grass. The slops from a kitchen or distillery are not fit to make healthy milk for the stomach.

SPICES AND PEPPERS.

And what shall be said here? Must all that makes our food palatable and digestible be swept from our tables? Yes; all should be swept at once that can retard for a moment the most healthy action of the body.

Peppers and spices have three serious objections. 1st, They deaden the healthy taste of the palate, leaving it unfit to judge with nice discrimination simple nature's flavour. 2d, Whatever food is seasoned with them becomes more indigestible, as no kind of peppers or spices are dissolved by the gastric juice: they retard the digestion of the food with which they are mixed. Dr. Beaumont observed that when he put a piece of roast beef or steak into the stomach of his patient, with nothing but simple salt, and a piece with pepper or mustard, well seasoned with them, the piece containing these peppers would remain in the stomach an hour and a-half longer than the piece seasoned with salt only. 3d, They destroy the vitality of the blood so much, that persons in the habit of using them complain much of coldness, cold stomachs, cold hands and feet, and tell you that these condiments warm the blood and promote digestion. Here the same deception comes in again, as in the cases of ardent spirits, flesh eating, and tea and coffee. While the artificial stimulus is going on the stomach is excited, feels warm, and this is the lullaby to the tantalized body; but so soon as the force is spent, then the clamour is set up, and continues louder at each application, till the whole host of pickles, peppers, spices, and mustards, can scarcely satisfy the demand.

Are these people the *comfortable* ones? Are they the people that never dread hunger or cold? Can they face the storms and tempests like those who satisfy nature with her own simple demands? Are they not often calling for bleeding, blisters, and cathartics, and *something* "to stir the blood?"

We may always know when a relief is found if the same difficulty return, that an infringement of the *same* law has occurred, or the *first* cause was never removed.

FRUIT.

Here we enter into a large field. The varieties of fruit spread over the earth speak in language that cannot be misunderstood, that a beneficent Being had a watchful care for all his creatures, to provide for their *happiness* as well as their nourishment.

The apple, which is the most plentiful, is eatable, if carefully preserved, the whole year round, and always may be, till the season when the berry of all kinds is inviting with its freshness and flavour. These fruits seem provided only as a pleasing change in the hottest season—as a kind of set-off, and to give the appetite a pleasant relief from that sameness and bluntness which it is prone to acquire by a continuation in the same course.

They seem to have a peculiar duty to perform, like a periodical visitor at the head of some government, who pays his annual tour to see if all be well, and adjust affairs for the future well-being of the community. When the heat of summer has diminished they retire, and leave the evening fireside to be enjoyed with the more sedate and substantial friend, the apple.

Great care should be taken *how* and *when* these fruits are used. We hear much about the injury done by eating green fruit. Children are the greatest sufferers, and many are not only sickened but are killed by it. All this may be avoided, and the fruit daily taken. Fruit should be eaten *with* food, and seldom without it. To eat fruit *after* dinner often does much injury; because the partaker has generally taken a full

meal, and the fruit is an extra appendage—but if taken *with* the dinner, there is no danger of taking too much, and being incorporated with the food, it gives a healthy action to the stomach—the food digests better, and if the fruit be ripe, there is no danger of any injury.

There is a certain point in the ripeness of fruit, which should never be overlooked. When taken before *this* arrives, it cannot be done with impunity. Nature is a skilful manager,—“she looks well to the ways of her household, and eats not the bread of idleness.” When sun and rain have advanced the fruit to its proper growth, it stands for a while in a waiting posture, for the genial sun to put on its finishing touch. This often takes days to accomplish, because the work is of the greatest importance:—if done too quick, the premature ripening often causes a premature decay, besides, it lacks that richness and flavour, which more time, under a favourable sun, would give. Hot-house fruit is a full proof of this: it is never so palatable, or so safe to eat, as that which is ripened in the open air, and under a naked sun. Peaches, ripened in a hot-house, are scarcely worth the eating, when compared with those ripened in an orchard. Art cannot *improve* nature in bringing forward the fruits of the earth; she may do what nature *will* not in a cold climate, where fruits cannot be brought to *any* perfection: a hot-house may force them into an *unnatural* ripeness.

A pear, eaten before it is well ripened, is a very indigestible article, and should never be taken; and though cooking fruit in general, is no improvement, yet a pear that is not of the best kind, and well ripened, is better boiled in water, till tender, and a little sugar added when boiling, which gives it a palatable taste, and is not unhealthy. A *poor* apple may be improved in this way, and a *good one* is not injured; besides, it is a cheerd

mode of using fruit, and adds a relish to any kind of vegetables. Dried apples, and peaches, cooked simply in water, and a little sugar added, are not objectionable, especially if the fruit was ripe when dried. Dried berries are likewise good, occasionally, but these should always be well ripened, when dried.

A child that is properly fed, and properly bathed, can always eat a raw apple before breakfast, and the stomach be put in a better state for the *digestion* of the breakfast. So it is with an adult; but the apple had better be left after the meal has been taken. Fruit, taken at supper, is not so advisable, because it gives a stronger tone to the stomach than needed, when going to bed.

Fruit is highly nutritious, especially the *peach* and *sweet apple*; and man, in all probability, subsisted on it in the first age of the world. We cannot suppose that Adam set himself directly about building a mill, or forge, for grinding wheat, or preparing pots and kettles for cooking, or that Eve had a bake-oven for cakes and pastries.

The farmers, in many parts of Western America, when they have gathered what apples they wish, turn their swine into the orchard, and keep them from a month to six weeks on the fruit which is shaken from the trees, and they fatten well. A fortnight before killing, they shut them up, feed them on clean Indian corn, which hardens the fat, and pork of this kind is considered the cleanest and sweetest of any.

Run-away slaves, from the Southern States of America, have lived and *fattened* for weeks on peaches, which they gathered wild in the woods, or plucked from orchards, and lived well, without hunger or even self-denial.

Truly, God has opened his liberal hand, and supplied "the wants of every living thing." "His tender mercies are over

all the work of his hands;" and this is most conspicuous where man often heeds it the least. The common bounties of air and water, are scarcely recognized, because they ARE common, and the almost *unspeakable blessing* of fruit is often quite overlooked—because man, by a *vitiating* and *lustful* appetite, has fed on flesh, and fattened on blood, till his soul loathes the richest gifts of Providence—crying out, "Away, away with them!" as dangerous and hurtful.

Finally, *eat fruit*, and *give it to your children daily*, but be careful you take it ripe, and with your food.

CLEANLINESS, AND BREAD-MAKING.

The *book of books*—the Bible—has not left *one* principle or practice untouched, which would be profitable for “doctrine or reproof” to the wayfaring Christian, who is willing to take it for the “man of his counsel;” and were we to search for true principles of politeness—knowledge of human nature—duties which we owe to God and man—the best way to do every thing—the best way to learn every thing—we should sooner arrive at what we want, by searching that old-fashioned book than any thing else.

Let us look a little at the subject of cleanliness, as *there* enjoined. “And your bodies washed in pure water.”

Now do you say this is *figurative*? Let it be figurative—it is then only the shadow of a substance, and this substance is the *very thing* we want; if it be to show that our souls should be washed in the blood of the Lamb, we cannot suppose that these souls, thus washed, are to find a suitable abode in a *filthy body*! But let us take it simply as it stands—To wash our bodies in *pure water*.

Do you believe there is a *moral beauty* in this, as well as a *physical propriety*, both established in the fitness of things? Do you believe those “filthy dreamers of the flesh,” “who defile the body,” who are “sensual” and “devilish,” and “who mind earthly things,” either practice this ablution much, or see any beauty in doing so? Do you believe that an habitual *dirty* Christian is desirable in the eyes of God? Do you believe there is a dirty Christian?

Do you believe Adam and Eve, when they came from the hand of their Maker, had a touch of defilement upon the body, more than upon the soul?

Many misled professors of religion tell us, when the filth of the flesh is rebuked—"Ah! if we troubled ourselves more about our souls, and less about our bodies—which are but dust—we should do better; it is not the outward appearance, but the *heart*." But it is from the heart that the whole catalogue of crimes recorded, proceed—uncleanness included—so that the *outward* sign must be the index of what is *within*. If the heart love holiness, it loves *purity*; and this purity cannot be in the heart without reaching to the body. The soul has no medium of communication but through the body; and if this body be in a neglected deranged state,—as will be more fully illustrated in the chapter on *Fasting*—how can this soul manifest itself clearly? We have a happy tact, at the present day, of warding off every thing, however important, done under the law, as typical, and *unworthy* a second hearing—not seeing that *that* schoolmaster, that was to bring us to Christ, still stands with his rod over us, to drive us back to Christ, when we get away from him. If we *lie* now—if we *covet* now—if we *swear* now—we are not under Christ, but have put ourselves back, under that ever watchful eye—the law, and must be punished according to it; and though it is in Christ alone we find mercy, yet it is *in*, and *by* the law we are punished, to lead us to *ask* this mercy. Christ's mission was to fulfil this law, and make it honourable—to show that though perverse man complains of its severity, yet every iota could be fulfilled; and though by it we could not be *justified*, yet by it we could be *condemned*!

God is as pure as when He so rigidly enjoined cleanliness in the camp of the children of Israel. Read Deut. xxiii. from the

10th to the 15th verse, and hear the last clause—"That He see no unclean thing in thee, and *turn away from thee*;" and Thess.—"God has not called us to uncleanness, but to holiness;" and we are not to suppose that the incense of *filth* is any more acceptable to God *now*, than when this was written. It would seem, in going over every town, in Ireland and Scotland, that the walks plainly show, that the law, as written in the 2d of Deut., in the above mentioned passages, has no binding effect on *magistrate* or *people*.

No reader of the historical law, can examine, what many call *trifling niceties*, in that code, but must see many things to admire, if not to benefit. Through the whole document of details and particulars, cleanliness holds a most *prominent* place. It seems to be the *Alpha* and *Omega*—insomuch, that the strictest adherents made it so much a god, that they drew upon them the rebuke of the Saviour, who said—"Ye hypocrites, ye do make clean the outside of the cup and platter," &c., plainly showing, that though the outside may be clean, the inside may be filthy; but can the inside be clean, and the outside *habitually filthy*? We should not make cleanliness *godliness*, yet godliness is certainly *cleanliness*.

As this work is intended for practical family use, *particularly* for housekeepers, it is hoped that this class of readers will allow the writer to descend to the minutiae, as far as this subject has any thing to do with family affairs.

Different nations have different customs; while one housekeeper looks well to every room in her house, to see that all are swept and dusted—rubbing her mahogany, till it reflects like a mirror—while her windows are free from a spot, and her curtains are like the snow, yet go into her kitchen—the place where her family's food is provided—and you might think

yourself happy, if able to make your way over pots and kettles, and not get well nigh glued to the floor, by paste and dirt attached to it.

Now, this is the place, *above ALL*, where every thing should be tidy—where the air should be *good*, and the furniture clean. A dirty kitchen is like a dirty heart, where every thing unclean and disorderly has a lodgment, and from which proceeds every abominable and hateful thing. “I will know,” said a man who was going to take board in a house, “I will know what’s a-going into my stomach—let me see the kitchen. I can remove to my office, if the parlour be not clean; but my stomach I must carry to every place.” *First*, then, let the kitchen be cleanly—let the vessels for cooking, outside and lining, be smooth and bright; for in preparing a vegetable diet, it should ever be remembered, that if any thing is communicated to the food, not congenial to it, no spices nor gravies can be added to conceal it. All is naked truth *here*, and you cannot cover it. Your transparent vegetable soup, made bitter by a little burnt scrapings left upon the vessel, cannot be overcome by any cayennes or condiments whatever. Your delicate blanc-mange, or custard, made spotted by some floating dust, from a long-neglected swept floor or hearth, cannot be covered by sprinklings of nutmeg, &c. An unwashed platter cannot be concealed by brown gravies, or juices of roast meat. And, finally, in this department, there is no alternative but unadulterated cleanliness.

There is another class of housekeepers, who keep *parlour*, *bed-room*, *kitchen*, and *kitchen* vessels looking bright, but whose cloths, with which these vessels are brightened, would strike terror almost into an African kraal; they would make the stoutest heart recoil, and the healthiest stomach heave.

To see a plate or bowl *faithfully rubbed* with a cloth, which, perhaps, has wiped a child's face, or a spot from the floor, a few moments previous—in fact, which has been a kind of *common plunder* through the house at all times, and for all uses, by the children, maid, and mistress, is, to say the least, a *disgusting*, and, certainly, sickening sight.

Another common, but equally *disgusting* practice, is the use of the apron for wiping dishes. This is so prevalent, by mistress and maid, it would seem there had some bill passed in Parliament, that whoever neglected it, should suffer a punishment equivalent to the crime; though an infant may have just been removed from the lap—or it might have gone through *wars* and *tumults* in kitchen or cellar, the plate, tea-cup, bowl, or tumblers, must receive the LAST polish from this, before it is fit for the table.

Said a fashionable gentleman, “I *know* this was never practised in *my* kitchen.” The bell then rung for dinner. The guest, who mentioned the practice was invited down; the mistress had not seen her; and an unexpected visitor required an additional plate. She stepped to the sideboard, took one, and in presence of her *positive* husband, wiped the plate most *thoroughly* with her muslin apron, on which her infant had just been lying. The good man, abashed, uttered not a word—nor did the mistress know the assertion she had been proving. Disgusting as this habit is, it is practised by those who make great boastings of cleanness; and among *such*, often may be found some of the most hideous forms of filth.

In preparing a vegetable diet, every thing to be eaten, that must be washed, must be washed *thoroughly* in clean vessels, *clean* water, and kept from dust by covering. A good potatoe may lose its relish, by being carelessly rolled about in

water, with a stick or hand, and the dirt penetrate through some crevice into the potatoe, when boiling, and rob it of its wholesome relish. A cabbage or cauliflower may be unpalatable by sand, or some slimy adherence, not well removed in washing. Fruit, likewise, before boiling or preserving, should be carefully examined, that no traces of decay, or worms, be left upon it.

BREAD, AND BREAD-MAKING.

This, *above* all, and *over* all, should be the ultimatum of a housekeeper's ambition. If this be not *wholesome*—if she fail *here*, all else may go for nothing. Good bread, of *itself*, will often make half of the breakfast, or even dinner, of a well trained dietetic; and no person who knows the nature of his stomach, will ever eat a meal without it, unless compelled to do so, *ESPECIALLY* if he take meat. Though vegetable and pudding be ever so inviting, if the bread be faulty, an *understanding eater* will go away from his repast dissatisfied.

Wheaten bread should be made of unbolted flour, washed clean before grinding, wet with the *best yeast*, and *purest water*, and *cleanest hands*, and put into well-prepared pans; and vegetable eaters should never depend on bakers to do this. The dough should be well mixed and worked, when the yeast is put in, that all parts of it may have the benefit of the yeast at the same time, otherwise there will be cavities in the bread, surrounded by heavy portions of the dough, of a glossy appearance, which shows that the dough has not been well mixed—and such bread is never good. This dough will sour quicker than that made of fine flour, and should be carefully watched—made not quite so stiff, because it swells more, and must be baked longer. When taken out, a good airy place should be provided, where it must not be covered, unless baked too hard; and *never* should be eaten before it is twenty-four hours old, and is better at a week or ten days old, in cold weather.

She who can make *good bread* can cook everything else well,

for all the judgment requisite for any other process in cookery is *here* brought into full play.

Good bread "strengthens man's heart," and she who can make it *best*, has attained an honourable post in household affairs. Every genteel Miss, however fashionable she may wish to appear, is never ashamed to be found making *cake*; and when the party may be praising it, she feels a pride in acknowledging it was *her* skill that produced it; but will that same young Miss be as diligent in acquiring the art of making good bread Will she not rather look upon it as a disgracing drudgery, belonging to bakers, and the lower classes of the people?

Till this *foolish*—this *injudicious* principle be rooted out, the world can never advance much in healthy living—till woman, like Sarah of old, will be willing and *desirous* of kneading her own cakes of bread, the stomachs and heads of the world must continue to be disturbed and heavy. So long as fine flour is made into paste by bakers, and then mixed with grease in the mouth, till it is prepared for a putty in the stomach, so long will doctors and apothecaries have ample employ. And tell us, ye constipated ones, what do ye not suffer by fevers, cholics, inflammations, indigestion, piles, cathartics, and nostrums, by this *one endless evil*? When will you *learn* wisdom—and when will you *practice* what you *have* learned? When will you be *willing* to be made whole? When will you prefer taking daily wholesome bread, coarse and unbolted, to fine flour bread, and pills and powders?

O, the madness of the world in their choice; the wandering and loving to wander, though in endless mazes lost, seeking some artificial good, hewing to themselves "broken cisterns, that can hold no water," chasing "Will-o'-the-wisps;" and, though warned of the illusion, still pursuing.

A man in the State of New York who had spent twenty-five

years in the hands of physicians, and said he had swallowed pills enough to fill a small carpet-bag, to chase away the legions congregated in his system by constipation, occasioned by fine flour bread, flesh eating, and greasy substances; after a few weeks of daily ablution, eating nothing but unbolten wheat meal bread, and stir-about made with the meal, with treacle, milk, or sugar, has made him a healthy man, and he has continued so for seven years. "Fool that *I* was," he exclaimed, "that I spent my money, lost my time, galloping down quackery, when nature stood inviting me to come and be healed, without money and without price."

Well did Sylvester Graham say, "What God has joined together let not man put asunder," for the bran taken from the flour robs it of all its healthy qualities, besides most of its sweetness. Do any ask, What use is the bran? What is the use of gravel stones in the gizzard of a fowl?

The bran, which never digests, scours the finer substances adhering to the stomach, and keeps the alimentary canal free of all obstruction. So important is this, that many when placed where no coarse bread could be procured, have eaten the potatoe skin with the potatoe, which is a partial substitute for the bran, as it likewise is indigestible.

"But," exclaims a delicate exquisite, "I can't eat bran bread, it scratches my throat." *Let it scratch then*, it may be the very thing needed, for not only the throat, but for every part of the lining where fine flour, oils, and fats have been deposited. It has been found by repeated experiments that a dog fed upon fine flour bread a month will die. This has been ignorantly supposed was because that no creature could long be sustained on one kind of food; but feed a dog on bran bread, and he ves healthily on, and would live so till old age should take

him off. Horses have been fed upon fine flour a few weeks, and death has always been the result.

The North American Indian, while in a savage state, pounds his Indian corn between two stones, or in a mortar, if he has one, wets it with water, bakes it before the fire, spreads the cakes upon a flat stone, or put upon a leaf and buried in the ashes. This is quite coarse, and very sweet : and when these Indians have been civilized by going to missionary schools, and taught to make fine flour bread, they discontinue the practice when returning to their own habitations, choosing altogether their simple coarse bread; and Indians are never known to be troubled with indigestion. And it may be truly said, so far as bread-making, feather beds, tea and coffee, alcohol, and closely-confined rooms are concerned, with tightly-fitted garments about the body, civilization has certainly been a curse to the human family : it has brought with its fine-spun gentility a host of incurables, which neither pills nor powders have power to remove.

The introduction of ardent spirits among Pagan nations by the missionaries, has probably destroyed more souls than the Gospel has saved ; and a tribe of Indians in America, after sitting around their council fire for twenty-four hours or more, to deliberate on receiving two missionaries, who had come to teach them civilization and the Gospel, decided, That they should like to read like white men, and raise corn to have bread, for their game was nearly hunted from the woods; but a few years before this a neighbouring tribe had let white missionaries in to teach them, who brought some drink, which made all the Indians fools; and they must say, Indian better *be Indian*, and never read, than be *fool*, and too lazy to hunt. There was more truth than poetry in this, and the Christian missionaries went away quite abashed.

F A S T I N G.

This old-fashioned and *merciful* custom has so fallen into disrepute, that he who practises it is looked at as a superstitious *bigot* or downright *fanatic*, one who is righteous overmuch, or under the trammels of the law, having never understood the liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free. Let such read Christ and the Apostles, and ascertain whether this was not a *Gospel* practice, and a practice at least *recommended*, if not *enjoined*, by all the apostolic churches.

God, who made the soul, made also the *body*. He made the body a fit tenement for the soul to inhabit while the body walks on earth ; and had this body retained its pristine perfections there would have been no *surfeiting*, no *drunkenness*, no *excesses*, and no *morbid sensibilities*, to have marred the fabric or loosened one string in the complex instrument; but, as it is, the whole fraternity of lusts and passions keep up a continual jar, and the soul can scarcely find a moment, amidst all the clamour, to strike a pleasant note, much less to play a tune well. Now, a *well kept* fast is an admirable provision to set affairs between body and soul on a more amicable footing, placing *both* in a position to perform the separate duties allotted with a better understanding, without any monopolizing on the part of either.

If there were no soul the body would receive ample reward for all its privations, and, like a newly-cleaned clock, strike on with a well-regulated hand and steady pendulum. The stomach *needs* a holiday from incessant toil of *loading* and *unload-*

ing dead carcasses, of melting down *solids*, and draining off *fluids*, and a suspension of twenty-four hours is like a sweet and healthy sleep to the weary ditch-digger or stone-layer ; it enables the runners and carriers employed from the centre to the outposts to do up the neglected work which too much previous overloading had been accumulating for many a day.

This holiday for the stomach does for the body what the tidy housekeeper performs when she puts apart a day from the ordinary routine of household affairs to seek out every overlooked nook and corner, every accumulation of dust, to adjust every piece of furniture, and set her house in order, for the greater comfort of herself and the better accommodation of her friends. It does *another* important work : it drives away any foreign intruder who may be lurking in ambush for a permanent abode ; it gives his voracious jaws no congenial aliment, and compels him silently to withdraw without any serious attack.

The soul now begins a new song—it strikes a higher key—it finds the instrument clear and well-tuned, and both go on their way rejoicing together.

The body can now be presented a living sacrifice, which is its reasonable service ; and here let it be asked, What is religion ? It is a glorifying God in the body and spirit, which are his. It is keeping the body in subjection, that the soul may have no obstructions in doing its appropriate work while the day lasts.

A clergyman in America, now gone down to the dust, was much beloved by his people, but subject to frequent fits of religious depression, and though he was considered an apostolic pattern of humility and faithfulness, yet he often thought himself a deceived castaway, and secluded himself in his study to watch and to pray, and often spent days of rigid fasting, and

always found himself, at the end of the abstinence, mounting with wings as of eagles, so much so, that he became fearful that Satan was "transforming himself into an angel of light" in these *fastings*.

His pampered appetite when a child had so broken down the powers of his stomach, that it could not manage, without intense suffering, anything but the choicest delicacy, and his people were rivalling each other to prepare him the most savoury puddings, cakes, and pies, so that the table of his study was seldom empty of luxuries fitted to his morbid taste, calculated to destroy all that might be a living principle of health within him.

Now, had this man understood the laws of life, he would have seen what all this religious depression signified—he would have seen that it signified, the prostration of *physical powers*, occasioned by *physical abuse*; and that his full-fed body was the blind agent of all this *mental suffering*—this *self-torture*—this *deep abasing*, which his good people attributed solely to his great attainments in holiness. His animated views, when his body was cleared of its flood-wood, were a natural result of the most rational process, that Infinite Wisdom ever ordained for man. "This kind," said Christ, "goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." These legions of "blue devils" will not be driven out by any other scourging; pills and cathartics, blisters and leeches, will only make more room for the reception of a new recruit; and praying may be continued from the rising to the going down of the sun, and the poor soul remain in the same waiting posture, unable to touch a chord that will vibrate, because every chord is slackened.

We talk much of our "vile bodies," and well we may while we continue to make and keep them so, by every wicked and

hurtful lust; and when a morbid religious fit comes over us we think it impiety to allow them even a place in our thoughts, much more to connect them with any thing spiritual. But be assured, these very *worthless bodies* will be the instruments of guiding us to a haven of happiness, or a world of woe; and they have been so honoured by Christ, as Dr. Chalmers has observed, that he not only took upon himself *one*, but carried it to Heaven with him, and will reappear in like manner; and the promise is, that our bodies shall be like unto his glorious body. Then "what God has joined together, let not man put asunder." The soul and body should be the most intimate friends, for after the long sleep of the grave, the soul will be enquiring for its old companion,—glad, like a long absent friend, to greet its helpmate, and again it will enter into the well fitted-up house, and abide there for ever.

The beef-eating, snuff-taking, tobacco-chewing, whisky-drinking, wine-bibing, tea and coffee sipping Christians require each a "forty days" fast, were it but to shovel away the *snuff*, and clear out the aqueducts, to drain off the *narcotics*, and scrape away the *fats* that have been hedging up the avenues, and preventing the free course of the spirit for a whole life.

God knows well what is in man, and what must be done for him, that he might enter in at the strait gate. He knows that to *crucify* the life of life of sin within him, he must "mortify the deeds of the flesh," and though no acts of fasting can atone for *one* sin, or in the least recommend the sinner to God, yet, humanly speaking, it would put the sinner in a way that God could save him, without detracting from his own glory, or flattering the pride of the undeserving offender.

Another salutary effect of abstemiousness is, that it brings the body into such a subjection, that if necessity require a

protracted fasting for days, the inconvenience becomes more tolerable, and comparatively little self-denial is felt. This is daily proven in the west of Ireland, where labouring men may be seen going out at two, or four o'clock in the morning, as the distance may require, to seek work at some neighbouring market town; if fortunate enough to find employ, the work is uncomplainingly and cheerfully done, without a mouthful of food since the previous day, and at night they take their eightpence, buy a sack of potatoes, walk the five or ten miles they may have to travel homeward, and after boiling the potatoes sit with their families round the basket which contains them, and eat their meal with a cheerful heart. Children, too, are so inured to privations of this kind, that they often take a piece of peat under their arm, to make a fire in the schoolroom, and go a mile or two without breakfast, and submit to the privations without a murmur.

An instance came to my knowledge in the county of Mayo, in Ireland. A widow had three young sons, and but a little to give them at *any* time. One morning she prepared them for school, when one asked, "Are we to have any potatoes this morning?" She told them she had none. "Shall you have any at noon?" "If I *can* I will have you some." Noon came, but brought no potatoes; the boys enquired without a murmur, "Do you think we can have any at night?" "If *possible*," was the reply. Night came; the same enquiry was made, but the distressed mother could only answer, "*You must go to sleep, and then your stomachs will not feel hungry.*" These children went to their bed of straw without a discontented word, fell asleep, and awoke cheerfully in the morning.

Now, what an independence does the mind insensibly acquire by such a training? It cannot dread poverty and hunger, like

the pampered favourite. These enduring people, the peasants of Ireland, are always cheerful. Their regular abstemiousness and endurance keep the body so unclogged, that the endurance itself makes them cheerful, and their spirits are always leaping out at some chink in playful sallies of wit, and their laughing countenances are habitually telling you that there is contentment within. When the clear sparkling eyes of the children, the buoyant elasticity of limbs, and the settled smoothness of face, (seldom ruffled with peevishness) are contrasted with the city sugar-fed darling, they are more to be *envied* than *pitied*; and it is a well-known fact that the children of the poor, inured to hardships, are stouter in body, happier in mind, and by far better fitted for the exigencies of life than those of the rich. Poverty often forces men to obey the natural laws, which keep them from innumerable evils, that the rich are daily suffering. The pallet of straw or the naked bundle on which the peasant may be *compelled* to lie down, gives him a refreshing sleep, and awakes him to an elasticity of spirit that a bed of down has no power to do, but will keep the rich man tossing half the night, and awakes him to languor and despondency through the day; and though the poor have much to suffer from the silly and wicked pride of the haughty above them, yet they are removed from many ills attendant on luxury, and would they philosophize with nature's true unjaundiced eyes, they would not find themselves so much in the background as the world may suppose.

EXERCISE AND BATHING.

Can a word be said on these subjects that has not been said, till the reading public are more than satiated? Yet if left out in this little work, the two grand hinges on which the whole should turn, will be wanting, and the most rigid diet cannot make up the deficiency. Exercise in the open air, after the body has had a good tepid, sponge, or shower bath, will give an elasticity, a buoyancy to both mind and body, which to be understood must be practised. Rubbing the surface of the skin with a coarse towel or fleshbrush till a glow is felt throughout the system, and then going out and walking a mile or two before the stomach is filled with food, will give a strength and vigour which will be felt through the whole day.

It should be hoped that there is not a sluggard in the morning, nor a drone in the day, in all the bounds of Victoria's dominions. It is said to her great honour that she is an *early riser*, sleeps on a mattress, keeps her lodging room free from unnecessary trumpery that would prevent a good circulation of air, that she practises daily ablution, and takes much exercise in the open air, and that she trains her children in the same way. To the mothers and daughters of Great Britain and Ireland I would say, Imitate your Queen in all this; her example *so far* leads to good physiological results, and should you one day see her extending the golden sceptre of total abstinence from all that intoxicates, give God the glory, and say, Long live Victoria!

Among the many modes of healthy exercise, walking and

riding on horseback stand pre-eminent. Walking imparts a benefit to the limbs which riding cannot. The feet and legs are admirable instruments for giving not only strength to the body, but cheerfulness and happy independence to the mind. They make us feel that we carry a purse which railroads, coaches, and packets need never drain: and who would not wish a "God speed" to the fearless traveller, who shoulders his carpet bag, and stick in hand sets off on a five hundred or thousand miles' tour over mountain and glen, to climb the precipice, to drink of the rivulet, and breathe the free mountain air, to listen to the song of the morning bird on hedge row and tree, to greet the peasant as he goes to his early task, to catch the first rays of the rising sun, and watch them as they spread their golden effulgence;—these joys have been mine, and I would not exchange them for all the splendid coaches, the gilded cabins, or the rapid rail cars in the kingdom of Britain. Yes, with a basket on my arm, containing a piece of stale bread, a parasol in my hand, in the glens and on the mountains of Kerry, the warm salute of a "God save ye kindly lady, and what brought ye among these mountains at this airy hour," these have imparted more elasticity to my body and cheerfulness to my mind than I ever supposed could be found on this side the paradise above. Would you believe it? *Try it.*

I should like to know for what purpose our legs were given us, if not to exercise them. Did God frame their sockets, and so nicely hang them with hinges, to be packed and crammed for days together among boxes and trunks, pinched between loads of luggage, amongst the squeaking of girls for the safe keeping of bandboxes and flower pots, the sterner commands of matrons to take the *best* care of their trunks, and the peevish demand of some muffled up old man to

give him more room, and keep off his corns. The able bodied man who does this *demeans* his legs, and dishonours the God who made them.

"But I cannot walk," cries some delicate miss, "it makes me tired." Get up ten mornings in succession, wash thoroughly in cold water, use a flesh brush or coarse towel, and go out at six, free from ligaments about the chest and lungs, that the air may have free course and the body and limbs full play; return and take a simple breakfast, without flesh or narcotics, and call the *eleventh* morning on the writer of this article, and place to her account all the expense of strengthening powders and wines she may require, and the demand shall be readily met.

Were my mother in the agonies of death fifty miles from me, I would *whiz* through on a rail car to see her and receive her last blessing; but if she were in a decline, with suitable attendance about her, I would greatly prefer a walk of twenty-five miles for two days, for calmer reflection and better preparation to meet the event.

In rainy weather, when walking is difficult for a student or dyspeptic, sawing wood gives a most healthy flow of blood, and is a happy promoter of digestion. *Dancing*, too, should not be frowned upon when practised for exercise; and it is as superstitious to consider it sinful when late hours, crowded rooms, thin dresses, wine and hot drinks, vain and unprofitable company are not brought into the account, as it would be to say you would not drink water from a cup because some profane lips had tasted wine from it; or that you would not pray in a room where some apostate or mocking Voltaire had knelt in derision.

Thirdly, if you wish your limbs to be supple and free from

pains, use them, and use them daily. Let not your feet be "swift to do evil," but good: there is much to do in a fallen world like this. Feet and hands were given for the purpose; by the sweat of his brow was man to get his bread, and whoever gets it in any other way, who has the proper use of his limbs, gets it *dishonestly*.

Slaveholders and oppressors, do you believe this?

Bathing needs no comment, though it may need some caution. Bell, in his work on this subject, says, that a tepid bath, used with discretion, is always safe. After a cold bath, if rubbing and exercise do not produce a pleasant glow, be assured the bathing will do no good. Care should be taken that a tepid bath be not beyond the temperature of the blood, and not continued too long; from twenty-five to thirty minutes at the most, and then a slight washing in cold water has often been found beneficial. But a cold shower bath needs much caution. Many have been injured by a too powerful application to the spine or head; therefore, they should be used with prudence, and not too often. Sponging the body every morning with cold water, drying it with a towel, and using a tepid bath once a week, answers every purpose to a person who has no local disease that may require more powerful applications. Sponging the throat and chest is a good substitute for drinking in a hot day.

Of cold water bathing it may be said, that if the blood be in a healthy state, it contains that life and strength which is sufficient to produce reaction; but when this is not the case, a tepid bath should be used till the blood return to a proper and healthy temperament.

CLOTHING.

Habit has so much to do here, that to make any effectual alteration seems almost hopeless. Yet believing that *some* will reflect, and that a *few* will be saved, if the life-boat be offered, the following hints are given.

The history of all ages proves that man *can* and *does* live with or without clothing, and that too in a tolerably cool climate. The North American Indian will hunt his deer over frozen pond and snowy mountain, with a mocassin lashed about his foot, a single blanket round his body, and when you talk to him about his naked skin exposed to the cold, he triumphantly exclaims, "Indian be all face."

But what shall we say to the cooped-up shopkeeper and office-sitter? They cannot exercise enough, and must be well clothed, or suffer. They too, would they practise the laws of life in every thing, would find that *one-third*, if not *one-half* of their wrappings might be thrown off, and little fire be requisite to keep them warm. The beginning to apply flannels to the skin is like opening a floodgate ; the whole system feels every breeze; the chest, neck, and shoulders, get uneasy; the feet must have thicker clothing, and the body heavier overcoats; till sore throat and coughs make up the sum total of vexations.

But the height and depth, the length and breadth of all folly and madness is the tight lacing of females. The baby foot of the Chinese woman is sound common sense, yes, *consummate wisdom*, compared with this frightful practice, which has destroyed its tens of thousands, and the work of destruction is

still going on. Ribs are broken, lungs are consumed, and all the host of diseases induced by this wicked practice follow: and though physicians and friends have lifted the voice of warning, yet the suicidal work proceeds. What with sipping of tea, late hours, feather beds, hot rooms, and confined air, we must go the moors of the Highlands, the cabins of the Irish, or the mountains of Wales, to find a woman that can lift a tea-kettle, or walk a mile, without telling you of "a stitch in her side," or shortness of breath: and if such, by hook and by crook, manage to live on a few years, the world can only write their epitaph, "They simpered and died," for it cannot be said that they ever *lived*. The world cannot be bettered by having such beings moping and dreaming upon it. Their wasp-like waists flutter in the sunbeams for a few days, for some silly corsetted cigar-smoking dandy to admire, and then the curtain drops. How many are saddened at the loss?

RECIPES.

PLUM CAKE.—Three tea-cupfuls of flour to one of oatmeal grits, one tea-cupful of cream to three of sour milk curdled, one half pound of raisins, one tea-cup of sugar, and two tea-spoonfuls of soda, stirred with a spoon, and made into a thick loaf.

CUP CAKE.—Three tea-cupfuls of coarse flour to one of oatmeal grits, stirred into sour milk, and a tea-cupful of thin cream, if sour the better, soda added, and sweetened to the taste, made into a thin batter, put into tea-cups a little more than half full, and baked in a quick oven. Currants may be added if preferred, and a little essence of cinnamon.

CRUMB CAKE.—Oatmeal grits stirred into buttermilk, with sugar and currants, or even stirred in water, and baked thoroughly, make a good dry crumb cake.

LOAF CAKE.—One tea-cupful of cream to two of sour milk, two tea-spoonfuls of soda, three of flour, and one of sugar, made nearly as stiff as paste, and baked in a loaf.

COOKIES.—Rub cream and dry sugar into flour with a little soda, roll the dough, then cut the cookies with the top of a tea-cup or tumbler, baked in a quick oven on tins.

GINGERBREAD WITHOUT GINGER.—One pound of flour, one quarter of a pound of sugar, three quarters of treacle, two tea-cups of good cream, a little soda, made into a stiff paste, and boiled on tins, rolled thin.

CURRANT CAKE.—Two pounds of coarse flour, one tea-cup of

oatmeal grits, one pound of sugar, two tea-cups of good cream, one pound of currants, a little cinnamon, and a little yeast, let it rise, and, if necessary, add a little soda.

RICE CAKE.—Half a pound of rice flour, half a pound of loaf sugar, season it with a little essence of lemon, a little soda, and a sprinkling of flour, wet with one half sour milk and the other cream, beat it well and bake it quick.

ORANGE CAKE.—Mix half a pound of best white sugar with two pounds of flour in a large bowl, make a hole in the centre, and pour into it two spoonfuls of yeast and a half a pint of milk, sprinkle a little flour with this, and put it into a warm place to rise, covered over, add two tea-cups of cream, mix it to a proper stiffness, adding milk if necessary, pour it into a tin vessel, and put it into the mouth of the oven to rise, and bake it with a tolerable quick oven, not forgetting to pour into the warm milk two tea-spoonfuls of the essence of orange, add a third if the orange be not strong.

BUNS.—Two pounds of flour and one of sugar, make a hole in the middle of the flour, put in a tea-cupful of good yeast and half a pint of warm milk, make a thin batter of the surrounding flour and milk, and let it stand till the leaven ferments, then add a large coffee cupful of cream, and milk sufficient to make a soft paste, then sprinkle a little flour, and let it rise for half-an-hour, then shape the dough into buns, and put them on tins to rise for another half-hour. A quick oven is required.

PLUM BUNS.—Mix with the dough of common buns, currants and a seasoning of cinnamon or orange essence, and bake them like the other.

THIN CAKES.—A pound of flour to a tea-cupful of cream, and as much hot milk as will make a dough of the flour, add a little soda, bake them on a thick pan or griddle, split open, eaten with honey, or a little cream and sugar.

PANCAKES.—Coarse wheaten meal and sour milk made into a batter, and a little soda added, poured upon a pan in small cakes from a spoon, and eaten with cream and sugar.

RICE PANCAKES.—Two tea-cupfuls of ground rice and one of flour beat up in milk, and a little soda, cooked and eaten in the same way as the wheaten ones.

INDIAN PANCAKES.—The American Indian meal, made in the same way as rice, are quite palatable mixed with water instead of milk. None of these cakes need eggs to make them light.

SODA BREAD.—Course wheaten meal may be stirred into water with a spoon, soda and salt added, and baked in a loaf in a tin dish or on a tin pan. Indian meal likewise makes a good bread if well baked. Both should be stirred into cold water.

PUDDINGS.—Bread pudding should be made as simple as possible, and the bread stale, should be soaked in cold water, then cold milk poured over a little pounded cracker or flour stirred in; sugar and cinnamon added.

PLUMPUDDING.—Bread prepared in the same way, the raisins and currants flung in, and one-third of boiled barley added is a great improvement; the raisins should retain the seeds, as they are better for the stomach than taken without.

RICE PUDDING.—One tea-cupful of rice, well-washed, to a quart of milk, the milk not rich, as rice contains so much nutriment, it is better without, sweeten it, and, if preferred, raisins added; the pudding is healthier without boiling the rice.

BOILED RICE PUDDINGS.—The rice should be boiled in water, and cold milk added, as this always makes a pudding lighter, a little dry biscuit stirred in makes it better, sweeten to the taste, with or without fruit.

POTATOE PUDDING.—Mash boiled potatoes, which should be of the first quality, and cooked very dry, add some milk and a little cream, stir in a sprinkling of hard buscuit or fine flour, sweeten and bake it well.

CARROT PUDDING.—Carrots should be well washed and scraped, then grated into cold milk, a little hard buscuit or flour stirred in, sweetened and well baked. They are a healthy, light food, having something the properties of eggs, in being light; a little cinnamon may be added.

APPLE PUDDING.—Grate the best and sweetest apples into cold milk, prepare and bake it in the same way as the carrot.

BISCUIT PUDDING.—Pound water biscuit and put it into cold milk, put in currants, well sweetened, and cinnamon added.

SWEET APPLE PUDDING.—Skin half-a-dozen of sweet apples of a good size into six gills of milk, boil this till the apples are tender, stir in a tea-cupful of Indian meal, and add a little flour, well sweetened with good treacle, and baked two hours or more.

BOILED PUDDING.—A loaf of coarse bread put into hot water, which has been salted and well boiled, put upon a platter with some of the water, which becomes a jelly, and eaten with cream and sugar, is a healthy and pleasant pudding. Bread may be put into a bag crumbled, and raisins or prunes put with it and boiled, and it makes a good pudding. Indian meal puddings, with prunes, raisins, or sweet apples, made with sour milk and a little soda, sweetened, and boiled four hours, make a delicious pudding.

BIRDS' NEST PUDDINGS.—Take good sweet apples, pare them, and with a small-pointed knife take out the core, making a hole through the apple, but not breaking it, that the apple may remain whole; put them in a pudding pan; soak stale

bread or hard biscuit in cold water; make it into a pudding with cold milk and sugar, and pour it upon the apples, and bake it till brown. If the apples are not sweet, considerable sugar will be requisite.

CUSTARDS.—Carrot custard should be made by boiling the carrot, straining it through a sieve, stirring it into cold milk, sweetening, and adding cinnamon. A little flour should be added, and baked in custard cups. Potatoes and sweet apples may be made in the same way.

RICE CUSTARD.—Take ground rice, stir it into milk when boiling, add cinnamon and white sugar, pour it into custard cups, and bake it well.

ARROW ROOT.—Arrow root may be prepared by mixing it in cold milk, adding white sugar, and a little essence of lemon or cinnamon; boil it three quarters of an hour.

Tapioca can be prepared in the same way; and Sago may be boiled in water, and eaten with sugar and cream.

RICE BLANCMANGE.—Take fresh ground rice, and stir it into boiling milk, sweetened with white sugar; add a little lemon or orange essence, and boil with great care, or it will burn. This may be obviated by putting the vessel containing the rice into another of boiling water. When boiled, it should be poured into a form, turned out, and eaten cold.

IRISH MOSS BLANCMANGE.—The moss should be well washed, and soaked for some hours; then boiled in milk till nearly all consumed, sweeten, and strain into forms; to be taken with cream and sugar, when cold.

ISINGLASS BLANCMANGE.—Two ounces of Isinglass to a quart of milk, with lemon or orange juice, sweetened, boiled a quarter of an hour; strain it through a sieve, let the sediment

settle, pour it off from the sediment, and turn it into moulds.

SOUPS.—Soups can be made in so many different ways, and of so many things, that the skilful housekeeper has only to set about a little contriving—a little changing—and she can have upon her table savoury and healthy varieties that will never tire.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—A teacupful of barley or rice to six good onions, chopped fine, boiled till the onions are tender; then add potatoes sliced thin, and if preferred a carrot or two sliced, and boiled till well done, observing to take off all scum that may arise while boiling. Tomatoes are a great improvement.

PEA-SOUP.—If your peas are whole, soak them over night, and put a small lump of soda in when put on to boil. This has the advantage of making them cook sooner, makes them sweeter, and prevents any tendency to give pain, which is sometimes the case. Salt should be thrown in when boiling. They are very nutritious, containing 92 per cent. of nutriment. Split peas need no previous soaking; washing is only necessary. Pease flour, stirred in cold water, and added as a thickening, is quite an improvement. Bean soup is prepared in the same way, and many add onions to improve the flavour. All soups are improved by dry biscuit or stale bread, toasted slightly, to be put in when the soup is done.

GREEN PEAS AND BEAN SOUP.—Boil them till quite soft, and toast thin slices of bread and throw in when set upon the table, or serve the bread dry upon the soup plate, and put the soup over it. Milk may be added, though to a pure taste it is no improvement.

POTATOE SOUP.—Two potatoes boiled and mashed cold, a quart of split peas, well soaked, two onions, some salt, and a little parsley, then boiled gently for four hours or more under

a close cover, and cooled. When warmed there will be no sediment. A little toasted bread would be a good addition.

MACCARONI SOUP.—Take half-a-pound of maccaroni, chop it fine, half-a-dozen of onions well chopped and boiled first, add a little carrot grated and a good supply of sliced potatoes, taking care that the potatoes do not boil till mashed in the soup, a little hard bread, browned and flung in when the soup is done, will improve it; and let not the soup be too thick.

SCOTCH SOUP WITHOUT BUTTER.—Four ounces of pearl barley, a stale crust of four or five ounces, five ounces of cream, and two quarts of water, boil them one hour and a half, two turnips and two carrots cut small and boiled, adding occasionally a little wafer, then take such greens as you like, cut them small and boil them, adding salt before the greens are put in.

SAVOY SOUP.—Four good-sized cabbages, quarter them and half boil them, strain the water off, and, when cool, squeeze them as dry as possible, put them into a pan with as much water as will cover them, cover them close, let them stew two hours, take a tea-cupful of cream, put it in a frying-pan with a little flour, stir till it is well-browned, slice two onions, and, when fired brown, pour it in the cabbage, stew all a few minutes, put some crusts into the tureen, and pour the soup upon them.

BREAD SOUP FOR INVALIDS.—A quart of water on the fire, with a crust of dry bread of half-a-pound, cut to pieces, and add a little cream, say two table-spoonfuls, boil it and beat it with a spoon and keep it boiling till the bread and water be mixed, add salt.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.—Skin and pulp part of the asparagus, cut the other part when dressed into points, and put into the soup before serving, add a little good milk or cream and toasted bread to take when served up.

PIES.—Pies and pastries may be made to have a very bad effect on the stomach and blood, and they may be made to have at least no *injurious* effects.

APPLE PIES.—Take wheaten meal and sift out the coarsest of the bran, grate a few boiled potatoes and rub them in as you would butter into the flour, then put soda into thick sour milk, adding more than half good cream, and wet it without much kneading quite dry, roll it in fine flour, and put it on a flat plate, then your green apples, if quite sour and tender, may be sliced very thin and laid over, adding sugar and one-half treacle if the treacle be pleasant, and sprinkle over this a little flour to thicken the juice, and a little cinnamon, but if no treacle be used, water must be poured in to make the pie juicy and more sugar used, this should be covered with a thin paste and a hole cut through the top. If the apples be tough they should be stewed a little before putting into the pie.

CURRENT AND GOOSEBERRY PIES.—These are made the same as the apple pies, only more sugar is requisite, and a little more flour to stiffen the juice.

ORANGE PIES.—These should be peeled and sliced and spread upon the paste, then a good covering of sugar and flour, and a layer of the oranges in the same way, taking care that it be not too thick; three layers, or four at most, will be sufficient. Lemon pies are made in the same way, and both should be covered with paste.

RHUBARB PIES.—These should be made by peeling the skin from the stalks, cutting them shortwise into small bits, and stirring them in sugar, then mash and sweeten to the taste, adding a little flour, and cover them with paste, or leave them open for a tart.

RICE PIES.—These are better made with ground rice, first boiled in milk, sweetened with white sugar, and cinnamon put

in; the paste put upon a flat plate, and an elevated rim of the paste round the edge, to be able to contain a good quantity of the rice and milk. Whole rice is made in the same way, but should have the most faithful boiling.

CREAM PIES.—Good new milk, nearly one-half put over the fire and boiled, stirring in flour. Take it off, add more cold cream than milk, sweeten it to taste, add a little essence of orange or lemon, and put it into a paste like the rice pie, and not bake it too much. It may be made well without boiling. The cream should never be boiled.

CARROT PIES.—Boil the carrots, and squeeze them through a sieve; stir them in cold milk, sweeten, add a little flour or pounded hard biscuit, and bake them in paste like the rice. Pumpkin and squash pies are made in the same way, and likewise potatoe pies.

MINCE PIE WITHOUT MEAT.—Whoever desires a meat pie can have a tolerable substitute, by taking coarse bread and chopping a quart, adding a quart of good milk, and a teacupful of cream, one pound of raisins, cinnamon and sugar to the taste, one quart of chopped green apples, and lemon juice or vinegar sufficient to make it pleasantly acid; this should be well baked.

SAGO PIE.—Sago should be boiled till tender, sweetened, and made precisely as the rice, baked in the same shaped dish. It will do tolerably well if boiled in water before the milk is added, and a little flour stirred in.

GRUEL.—There is no gruel that the taste and stomach will so long relish as that made of the American Indian meal and water; the meal stirred in at an early stage. It should be boiled at least half an hour, and an hour is still better.

OATMEAL GRUEL.—This should be made in the same way as the Indian meal, though it may not need so long boiling; but

it is of a more heating nature, and the stomach will sooner become tired of it if used habitually. All gruels are more healthy with no additions of spices, and butter is worse than objectionable.

RICE GRUEL.—This is a palatable and healthy preparation for breakfast or supper. A teacupful of rice in two quarts of water, with two quarts of milk added when the rice is well cooked, and a little salt, makes an exceedingly good repast for children as well as adults. Barley gruel can be made in the same way: both should be eaten with bread—taking the bread dry in the mouth, well masticating it, and by no means soaking it to a pulp in the gruel.

MILK GRUEL.—A quart of milk and a quart of water boiled together, or a little more milk than water, salted and thickened with flour, and all well boiled; this too should be taken with dry bread, or hard biscuit, for these reasons: 1st, the teeth are made on purpose for masticating food, and if not used they become impaired; and 2d, the food goes into the stomach in a more favourable state for digestion; and 3d, the flour with which the gruel is thickened will better be removed when coarse dry bread is present to scour it off.

GROUND RICE GRUEL.—This should be made with an equal quantity of milk and water, and if not so much milk the deficiency may be supplied by more rice, which should be stirred in while the milk and water are boiling.

BOILING RICE.—Rice should be washed well, and put into water when it is boiling, and boil twelve minutes *only*; then, if there is any water remaining, drain it off; put it before the grate uncovered, till the moisture evaporates; it will then be what it should be, whole, lively, palatable, and good for the stomach.

BOILED WHEAT.—This, of all the healthy, plain eatables,

stands pre-eminent. It is fresh from the hand of the Almighty, without adulteration. Wash it, and pick out the sand or gravel, and boil it till tender; it will crack, the water becomes a jelly, and when taken with milk, sugar, or cooked fruit, it is the very thing—it is bread; it gives the teeth due exercise, it tastes delightfully to a true palate, and puts the machinery in proper motion, and keeps it there. Eat boiled wheat if you would have a healthy stomach, well-nurtured body, and clear head.

CUCUMBERS.—Cucumbers contain more poison than nutriment, and can only be used with safety when sliced thin, and kept in cold water for an hour or more, then salted, a little diluted vinegar added without pepper; vinegar is destructive to blood, and the less taken the better.

It will be noticed that in the preceding recipes eggs and butter are left out,—eggs for two reasons; they are unnecessary, as pudding can be made as light if the milk be not scalded before putting to the bread or rice, and a little flour stirred in, and they contain the whole of the animal, and are very indigestible. Butter has no redeeming qualities in a pudding, is innutritious, unhealthy, and to a pure taste offensive. Animal oil of all kinds should be excluded, but vegetable oil is not objectionable. The pea and bean which made the countenance of Daniel fairer than any that were “defiled with the king’s meat,” contains much oil, and when used upon salads is not injurious.

OBJECTIONS AND DIFFICULTIES.

Nothing valuable can be gained but by exertion, if not self-denial; and though the living upon a vegetable diet at first costs some clamor of palate and stomach, yet in a little time the sacrifice is more than compensated by the satisfied relish which is enjoyed, and by the economy of living; and besides, to know we are enjoying the bounties of heaven as God would have us, that we are eating food that is "convenient for us," gives a happy peace to the mind, knowing, that practising nature's first principles, as God established them, is not only benefitting our selves, but honouring His word and His law, who said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

As to economy,—every housewife who may choose to do so, can save, in a family of six, twenty pounds a-year, and have more variety than on a flesh diet. It has been ascertained in America, that one acre of good land, well cultivated, will support a family of seven, and give them a liberal vegetable and fruit diet; and in England we are told, that an acre of land will support fifteen persons living only on potatoes, and the soil in that country cannot be made so prolific as in many parts of America.

Every Christian should study to make a good use of his Lord's money; not a farthing has a rich man a lawful right to consume upon his lusts; and there need not be a poor-house nor beggar upon earth, if every person lived as the laws of his nature require, and as God first commanded him to live.

Whenever we meet a person in want, we may know that somebody has had too much. It is an old saying, that "God never made a mouth, but he made something to put in it;" and when we see the suffering of the poor in this kingdom, and the extravagance of the rich, the heart of the philanthropist cannot but feel and weep over the madness of the world, even the madness of those who profess to take a self-denying religion as their religion.

Yes, the cry of every houseless child of want will be a "swift witness" against the families who "fare sumptuously every day," or who consume any unnecessary food, either in quality or quantity, to gratify a morbid appetite; and it will not avail always to plead ignorance: light on this subject is in the world, and whoever shuts his eyes does it without any rational excuse; a few hours' reading, with a few days or weeks' practice, might bring every thing right, and why will we not do it?

Query, "But what will become of all the animals if we do not kill them—they will be so abundant that the earth would be overrun?" Do we kill and eat horses, and who complains that they are too abundant? Wild animals which never come under the cultivation of man, do not overrun the earth; and in the Birman Empire, where the religion of the country forbids the taking away of life, they are not troubled with a superabundance. "But what did God make all these things for?" Are we to suppose that we must eat every thing the use of which we do not understand?—a sorry business indeed! Enough for you and me to know, that whatever is injurious to our system God never made at first for us to eat, and here "endeth the first lesson." "But my grandfather and mother ate flesh, and drank tea and coffee, and lived a long time, and were stout and strong" Your grandfather and grandmother might have lived fifteen or

twenty years longer had they left those things out. If their frames could so long have sustained the ground in spite of these poisons, what might they not have endured without them? Healthy old persons have died at the age of seventy and seventy-five, and a post-mortem examination has proven that disease had been accumulating for years, occasioned by improper food and drink, though they perceived it not—the last particle that determines the weight may be the smallest that has been thrown into the scale. “But persons who live on a vegetable diet are not so good in flesh nor so florid in countenancee.”

Fat is not strength, neither is a ruddy appearance a sure indication of health, but often a premonitory symptom of untimely decay. Is the animal who is stall-fed for the slaughter, as well fitted for labour as the one who has a rational amount of food suited to his nature, taking not more than half the quantity? A doating father called a little rosy-cheeked girl into the parlour, to show to a vegetable eater the benefits of flesh eating: Here, my friend, is a child who takes beef twice a-day, and where can be produced so fine a specimen of health in all the host of vegetable eaters in the city; she has had but little occasion to take medicine, and is entirely free of any disease. In twelve days this same gentleman was invited to attend the funeral of this promising child, who died with a raging fever, which no skill of physicians could cure. The slaveholders in America often bring, as an excuse for their sin, the plea, that the blacks were designed for slaves, because they can labour under a torrid sun without prostration or fevers; but a white man soon droops, and never could cultivate and bring the crops to maturity. *Mark*, the slaves live on rice, and homany, made from Indian corn and molasses; the slave laws make no provision for flesh, butter, tea, or coffee; and if the

black gets, once in a few weeks or months, a picce of ham, it must be from his earnings by moonlight after his task is done, or on a Saturday afternoon, which is his own time; but the free blacks at the north are as sickly as the whites, and cannot endure labour any better. The whites at the south eat more smoked pork than any part of America, and are swimming threc times a-day in melted butter and pork fat, rinsed down by strong hot coffee, and always take their corn-bread hot; consequently they are sickly, languid, and effeminate.

But if *flesh* be excluded, *fruit* must be provided; and this would be so expensive that few families in the kingdom would adopt it. Would two pounds of penny apples or pears, well cooked with a little sugar, be as expensive as three pounds of meat? which would be a moderate dinner for six persons, and the fruit would be an abundance for six; and when the tea and coffee expended in a family of six are flung into the scale, the balance is quite unequal. The great and insuperable difficulties of adopting a vegetable diet, lie in the feelings and conduct of women. They hold the keys of the appetite; and by their ingenuity, their skill in cookery, they can turn the world whithersoever they will. If a judicious mother of a family see that the high-seasoned food, the rich pastry, and the strong coffee and tea, have introduced pills and powders into her house, what has she to do? This can better be answered by relating a few facts, which illustrate the subject better than argument could possibly do:—

A man of respectability had married an amiable woman in the city of B——, and in a few years became an abandoned sot. She was compelled to leave him, and, with her child, return to the house of her father: while there, she heard the lectures of Sylvester Graham on physiology, and became a convert. Her

husband likewise, to the wonder of all, did the same, abandoned his cups, and put himself upon a strict course of living ; his former character had been such that he was joyfully welcomed back to society. In a few months his wife and child returned to him, and immediately she put her ingenuity at work by cooking in the best possible manner every healthy article of vegetable and fruit to lure his appetite to the relish, and make his food good and table pleasant ; she spared no labour or time to make his bread, his pudding, or pie, not only tolerable but desirable ; she studied to do it, knowing, if she saved her husband from the thirst of ardent spirit, the work would be done ; and keeping every thing of an artificial excitement from her table, she knew was the most effectual method of accomplishing this, at the same time giving him such food as would please his taste. She succeeded, and her family was soon a model of regularity, comfort, and intelligence to all her former acquaintance. "The axe was laid at the root of the tree," and the husband felt that he owed his perseverance in temperance to the killing of the insatiable thirst of the liquid fire within him by the skilful management of his wife.

The second was a sad reverse. A young man in prosperous business, of religious character, and strictly temperate in all things, rented a large house, hired a housekeeper, and commenced living on a temperate diet, his table was well furnished on that plan, and for some two years he lived happily in his own way ; but, not content with undisturbed health and comfort, he must be more like the world around him, and bring a companion to his domicile. She was talented, and withal somewhat pretty ; had been accustomed to high living, but readily consented to conform to his views, and manage his table as he wished, and, to show her sincerity, abandoned her tea and

coffee, and was quite a convert, promising to continue so after marriage. He married her, and took her to his well-ordered and stylish house, and for a few weeks

"All was bright and cheerful there."

But now the thunder rolled at a distance, the clouds thickened, the beef-steaks, tea, and coffee were brought to the table, accompanied with ridiculing brown bread and brown bread eaters, and gradually she neglected to prepare such food as he preferred, till from joking it became tantalizing, and from tantalizing she utterly refused receiving his friends, who were vegetable eaters, till at last he was compelled to eat by himself rather than be annoyed with the sight of the unseemly table, and the everlasting din of the "continual dropping" that was sounding in his ears.

To be brief, *he* would not eat flesh, nor use tea or coffee; *she* would not do without them, nor prepare him such food as he had been accustomed to partake, and his house ceased to be that abode of peace and comfort it had been before marriage, and a final separation was the result of that apparent happy marriage. "Every wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands."

Had this woman, like the first mentioned, exerted her skill, had she done as she pledged herself, the voice of joy and gladness might now be sounding in their dwelling; and to woman let it be said, her station is an awfully responsible one—life and death, as it belongs to a proper and healthy course of living, depend more upon *her* than can possibly upon man; from her hand the child receives all the preparations of food, and by his mother's table he forms the relish for most of the poisons he ever partakes. If the mother prepare simple food for her children, and use it herself, she will easily lure them to the relish of

it ; but if she be determined to eat and drink whatever a morbid appetite may demand, her sons and daughters will do the same.

A woman whose husband was suffering with a chronic complaint of long standing, adopted a vegetable diet as a last resort. He soon was greatly benefitted, but the wife resolved that she would not conform, and when by ridicule she could not succeed, she assumed a serious and ill-natured tone, generally at table, in presence of her family. At last she made his food so unpalatable, by perverting every recipe which she pretended to adopt, that he could not enjoy eating any thing as he had formerly done ; and, after three years of ridicule or clamour by his wife, at most of his meals, and complainings and frownings with the children, he abandoned it as a hopeless effort, declaring, that his fireside had become so unhappy that he had rather suffer excruciating pain of body and the few days allotted him here, to live in peace, than struggle on any longer.

It must be conceded that, so far as the experiment has been tried, men are more willing to relinquish flesh-eating, tea, and coffee, than women are ; but men are not so persevering in it, and the reasons are obvious : women prepare food, and are continually testing its relish, and often making experiments, have much ambition in laying out a well-prepared table for their friends, and pleasing the palates of their guests ; men are more abroad, and when in haste must take what is placed before them, or abstain entirely.

To young women allow me to say, there is not one of you but wishes to retain the lustre of her eye, the healthy flush of her young cheek, as long as she can. Is there one who wishes to parch and wrinkle her fair skin, or deaden the brilliance of a sparkling eye, so long as there is a being in the world to say,

“she is fair to look upon?” Youth and beauty, though short-lived, are certainly pretty to look at, and God bestowed them for wise purposes. When they are united with a sound reflecting mind, they give almost an enchanting lustre to the possessor ; but when with a vain and frivolous one, they are more than disgusting—they are intolerable. A handsome, laughing, prating, frothy-brained girl is a painful combination, and object of pity, and a sensible mind feels more like turning away than stopping to admire. But would you wish to keep young and fair, so long as old busy time can be flattered to keep off his wrinkles and pcevishness, then let paints and rouges alone; pure cold water is the only paint you need, united with early rising, walking in open air, taking cool drinks. No tea or coffee; or greasy food ; these bring sunken eyes, lifeless skin, sick headaches, debilitated limbs ; and grease gives to the skin a glossy appearance when taken freely, and is very injurious to stomach and blood. Avoid then these, unless you would be old before your time.

Another strong inducement to live temperately when young should be, that it almost universally ensures a healthy cheerful old age; and what is more forbidding than an old man or woman whose early life has been spent in high living and extravagance, now becoming wrinkled, worthless, pcevish, wrapped in coats and blankets in some confined room, snarling at every dog or cat that may come in sight, commanding all who open a door to shut it quick, to “keep out the cold,” and complaining of every servant that the fire is not good enough, or the food not seasoned to the palate, rebuking every innocent jest or laugh from the young, and making every attendant feel that a message from the tomb could not be too quick in coming.

And what is more pleasant than a well-informed aged person,

whose head has grown grey in wisdom, who has lived rationally, whose mind is stored with anecdotes of men and manners, who, when young, looked forward to the evening of life as a peaceful retirement, when he might quietly sit down and reflect on the past, and look across the Jordan of death as the happy river to waft him to a heavenly port.

An old man who had lived in a country village for more than half-a-century, and had been frugal, industrious, and temperate; at the age of seventy-five left his farm, his barns, and his cattle, and sat down by his fireside to his biographies and bible. The young men of the village would often, when a leisure evening allowed, gather to his room to hear his useful and amusing anecdotes, (for he never forgot that he had been young, and always adapted his conduct and conversation to this age) and when they parted it was always with mutual regret that the evening had been so short, the old man thanking *them* that they had not only thought of a "worthless old man," but had listened to his antiquated tales so long, and the young men thanking *him* that he condescended to entertain *them* so richly, when they could make him no return in the same way.

And allow me to say, would you wish not to live a day as a drag upon earth, but have your old age cheerful and happy,—then let your youth be industrious, virtuous, and strictly temperate; make not lumber rooms of your heads by stuffing them with all manner of useless trash, but daily lay aside some useful hint you may have heard, some valuable idea that will bear investigation; and remember, every conquest you make over the body, will secure to you a correspondent tranquillity in the evening of life, and make your society sought rather than shunned.

NOTE.

On a review of the preceding pages, many things occur which *might* have been said, and some which *should* have been said, have been omitted for want of room.

The preface should have told the reader, that the prominent object of the writer in this work is not to deprive the public (even if it *could* be done) of one rational enjoyment in food or regimen, but to heighten these enjoyments in a safe, consistent way; not to *compel* them to abandon flesh-eating, but if possible to show a more excellent way, if they *choose* to adopt it: if not, to place many things before them, where expense might be saved and the appetite gratified, though other deleterious substances are still retained.

The health and comfort of a family might be greatly improved by regular hours of retiring, and rising early; bathing, exercise, and taking meals at equidistant intervals, though flesh, tea, and coffee were used. Fasting from eight or nine o'clock morning till four or five in the afternoon, then a dinner of flesh, followed immediately by a hot cup of tea, is a systematic way of destroying the powers of the stomach. If meat *be* taken, let it be in the middle of the day, and a light supper at six, that the stomach be emptied before retiring. No exercise of body or mind should be taken immediately after a full meal, except cheerful conversation, or music, which tend to promote healthy digestion, especially the latter.

Eating fast is a very injurious practice. It deprives the teeth of that exercise which is their just claim, prevents the saliva from mixing with the food, and sends it into the stomach in a wrong state for digestion. No soups nor gruels should be used without bread, and the harder the bread the better for the stomach and teeth.

Finally, kind reader, adieu. May a healthy stomach, a clear head, a body ever ready to be "presented a living sacrifice," and a conscience always alive to the honour of God and the best good of man, be yours. If severity in this work be anywhere manifest, be assured, a conscientious zeal for your *best* good must be the apology.



